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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXV No. 2152 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 19 1941

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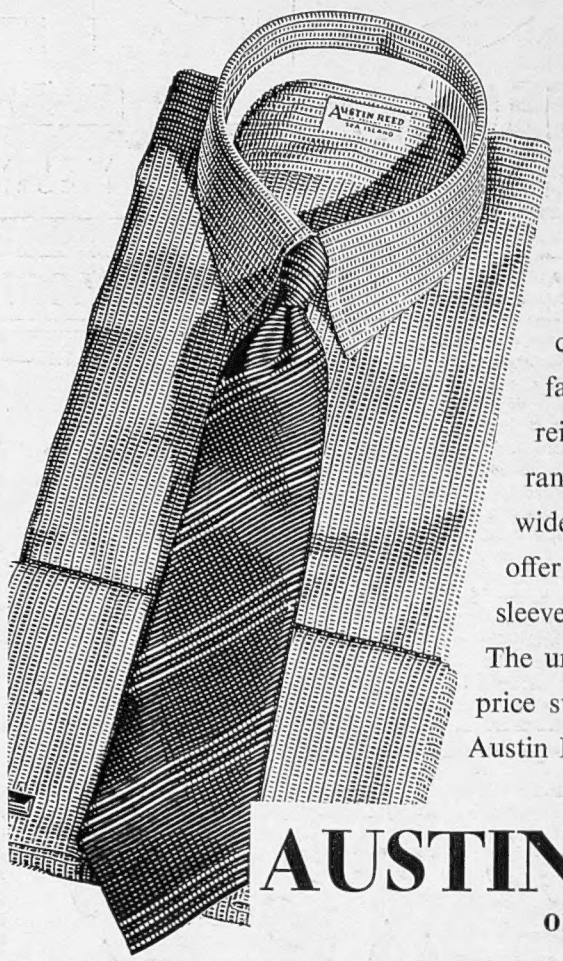

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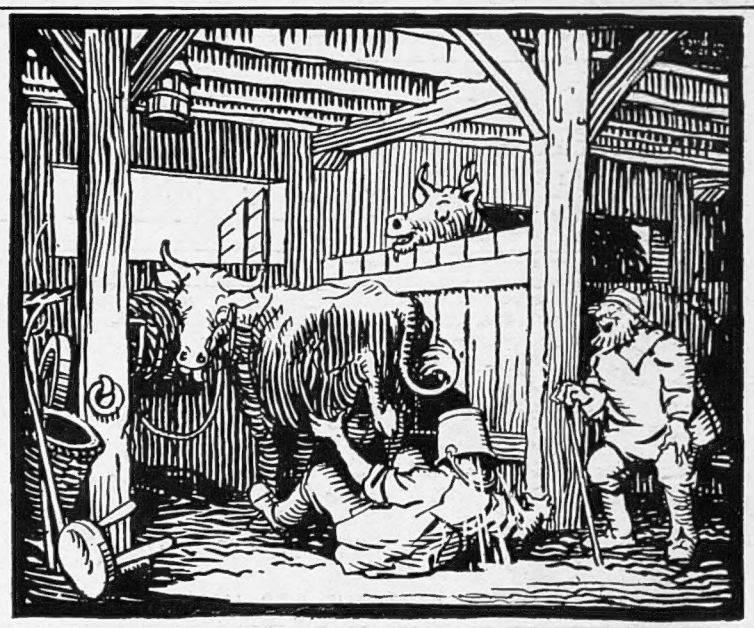

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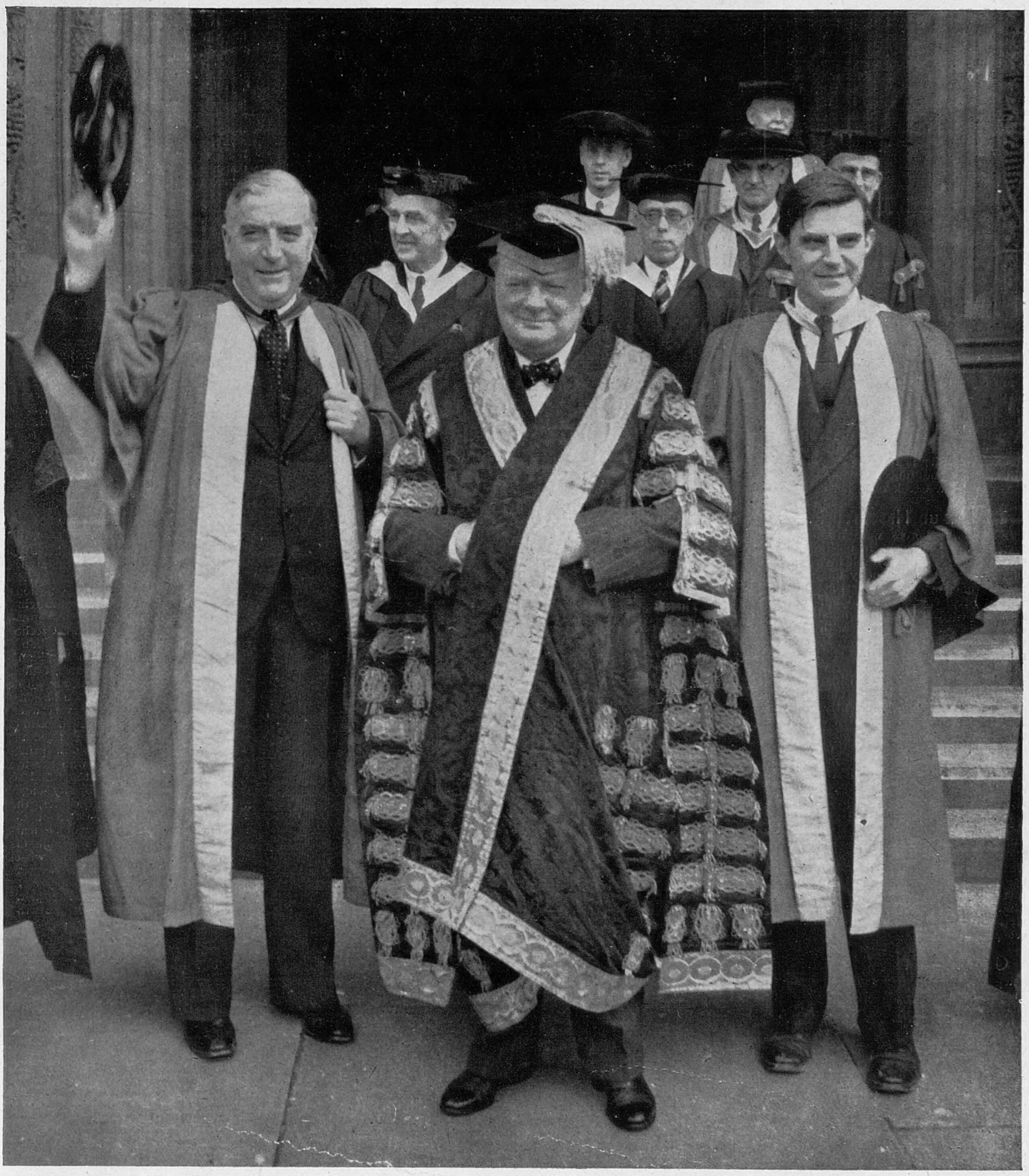
Volume CLXV No. 2152 The SPHERE, London, April 19, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 19, 1941



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: WITH TWO FRIENDS OF HIS (AND OF THE EMPIRE'S) AFTER THE LATTER HAD BOTH RECEIVED HONORARY LAW DEGREES FROM HIS HANDS

The Prime Minister is Chancellor of Bristol University. On Saturday last he returned to the University with two friends of his—Mr. J. G. Winant, the new United States Ambassador to Britain, and Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister. The occasion was the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Law on those two very good friends of Britain. All three are here seen after the ceremony, and all three exhibit their individual characteristics—Mr. Menzies cheery as ever, Mr. Churchill picturesque as ever, and Mr. Winant diffident as ever! Later Mr. Churchill toured the badly damaged areas of Bristol, and it was during the course of this tour that the Prime Minister made his promise to give back to the enemy what they have given to us in the way of bombs. The bombed areas in the city of Swansea also received a visit from the Premier on this same occasion

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 85

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

A Notion to be Killed.

—The idea is still far too prevalent in Europe and the East that the German land forces are invincible. Why the British retreat to Dunkirk failed to kill that idea (except in Britain) I do not know. No doubt, those nations engaged beside our Expeditionary Force were too pre-occupied, and other nations were too much under Nazi propaganda influence. The whole world knows that always our Navy has had the measure of every Fleet combination against it, and that for nine months our Air Forces have dominated the skies against almost any odds. But the Nazi Army bogey has still to be killed, except in Britain, and I hope and believe it will meet its deserved end in the Balkans and in Libya in the coming weeks. The Nazi land armies have had every chance to keep the legend alive. They have never yet faced a *combination* of stout hearts, or a combination of stout hearts and natural obstacles of terrain. The re-taking of Benghazi and part of Cyrenaica was another fortuitous aid to the preservation of the legend. In the Balkan battle the Nazis must inevitably win notable successes, but I am convinced that, succeed as they may and perhaps will, their successes will be achieved at the heavy cost of the killing of a most unwholesome legend which has done the Allied cause a power of harm. Man for man, the Nazi soldier is not the match in initiative, in endurance, in courage for a Briton or a Greek or a Serb.

The Hour Has Struck.—

Our Imperial Forces were from the first, as we soon knew, in position in Greece to meet the inevitable invasion. The Anzacs are, with many fine regiments from home, now at last at grips with the real enemy of mankind. For nearly a year there has been practically no hand-to-hand contact with the enemy whom, to win the war, Britain must defeat on land. We steel our hearts to sacrifices and reverses, we pin our faith on British, Greek and Yugoslav courage, efficiency and resolution, and confidently wait for them to "make a new Thermopylæ." Above all, we repose faith in the justice of the cause and of God. God and the right are not mocked. Hitler's day of judgment is brought nearer. None, who reasons, would have the clock set back nor Hitler's fearful decision recalled. It had to come; the burning minute has broken. And my heart tells me that the day of salvation is nearer than we believed. Until then, there is nothing for our hands and minds to do but to steel themselves to strike and fight on every front, in each element, to woo and *will* victory by every means. Now is the accepted time.

Our New Bombs.

—Democracy is a strange bedfellow in war. There are moments when the uninformed in Britain, pining to take from a terribly efficient foe every ounce of advantage which the conduct of the war offers, asks himself whether, in the article of a death struggle, dictatorship is not an easier, more comfortable sharer of our tumbled bed. In the matter of those new bombs: if we had said nothing about them, we might have gained a fortnight—a vital fortnight—of advantage, while the enemy was puzzling his head about their effect, before proceeding to crib and copy our new ideas and return our bombs with interest. But no. Democracy must be fed with snippets. Democracy demands to be "in the know." Alternatively, democracy must be for ever keyed up with "bull-points"; *our* Democracy is never trusted by the authorities to remain staunch and patient for even two days without stimulants (nor to remain level-headed and alive to our dangers for twenty-four hours without jeremiads and gipsies' warnings). So that vital fortnight's grace is thrown away and the new secret given out, to give us a stimulus we did not need, and to

ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM THANKS THE FAIREY AIRCRAFT WORKERS: A fine tribute has just been paid by Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, to the workers at Fairey's Aircraft Factory. He has dispatched a letter of thanks, paying tribute to the excellence of the aeroplanes used by the Fleet Air Arm during the Matapan battle: this letter has now been displayed in a prominent position on the notice-board in the factory grounds

give a pat on the back to our war effort whose efficiency we did not underrate. What a curse is talk, talk, talk! What pestilential folly are threats and jeers at your enemy in a death struggle which can only be settled by actions, and can be won only after regular and constant successes and reverses, by ups and downs. In war, talk and gossip are to be expected from club bores and old women, and threats and boasts and jibes are part of the armoury of dago prize-fighters at all times. Our prestige is high enough to-day for us to wage war with silence and dignity.

Keeping the Nazis Guessing.

—A fantastic idea occurred to my mind after reading the terrific account published of the effect of our last devastating raid on Kiel. Suppose some jokers in the Air Ministry and Ministry of Information had conspired together and given to the public *nothing* but the following account of that raid: "Last night some of our bombers raided a part of Kiel. It is believed that some damage was done to military objectives, but it is difficult to speak with any certainty." Can you conceive the fury, puzzlement and complete shock which such a report would give to the Nazi chiefs, assuming they were aware that Kiel had been (as our report implied) practically blotted out? Would it not have kept the Nazis guessing, wondering what we were up to? Propaganda has in the past months gone full circle in superlatives, lies and deliberate strategy, and the idea of using the machine by putting the gears into "Reverse" is not altogether a bad idea. But, of course, a Democracy like ours can't try it out. Our authorities dare not trust our trust in our authorities. They dare not trust, though they for ever flatter, the common man's resolution, patience and faith in victory and leadership. That is why my bright idea must blush unseen.

In Part Payment.

—We have to pay for our fun, of course. When it is *tremendous* fun, part payment only is possible. Hence this new Budget. It is quite simple and pretty severe. I don't suppose anybody but a half-wit will call it "outrageous" or "scandalous." Ordinary men have given up such expressions in referring to calls on their purses. Who steals them, steals trash; the future must look after itself. The man who is politically on the extreme left wing will not call the Budget a capitalist's Budget. If you possess an inherited income of £2,000,000 in the 3 per cent.'s, all that this Budget leaves you free to spend is £5,000 a year out of your gross £60,000. That, of course, doesn't go far towards keeping up your inherited White Elephants—Talksworth with its 250 bedrooms, Nuthall Abbey, Plumpton Place, six minor country houses and the big house in London. But those things lie on the knees of futurity. The new order in a simplified Britain must decide on the methods of keeping as monuments, or pulling down, the storied palaces of a dead age. I fancy all men of sense and goodwill accept the sacrifice and perhaps welcome the idea of a simpler, more equitable, way of living. Given peace with honour and security and justice, a loaf of bread in Arcady will be paradise enow. Those of us who have a sense of the past and take pride in our traditions hope that much that was noble may be preserved for all. I am not good at figures. I tried to work out how this net-sweep will gather up one minnow in particular. But I can't work it out. I allowed myself a tiny grouse. For two and a half years I worked on a longish book. Lately I published it and received a sum in advance of royalties. War necessities sadly reduced even that sum. Yet, small as it was, it was at my publisher's risk and it makes a big difference to my normal income. But I may not spread it over the years of unproductive labour when I was writing it. I must lump it all-in to be taxed in this year of grace, at 10s. in the £. That is a blow . . . but only a little one. What 's the odds? Who cares? Peace and security and honour and liberty, an innocent sky, a mine-free sea, a crater-less cabbage-patch: thus things are cheaply bought with a trashy purse.

Some Psychological Pointers.

—Mr. Noel Baker last week had some heartening things to say about the swing-back of the pendulum in Europe from the Axis to the Allied cause. He left the impression that in his view to-day a growing majority in almost every enslaved country was already once more anti-Nazi and vigorously pro-Allied, was already making that opinion heard in growls and whispers, and waited only for a little more encouragement from British and Allied victories to say it with bludgeons and hidden arms. The value, as evidence of majority opinion, of a single letter here and there smuggled out of occupied countries may be questioned, but all experience of human life assures us that it must be so. After all, *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is an accurate microcosm psychologically of this beastly World War, and the final downfall of a school bully is a cause, and always will be a cause, of complete rejoicing to every boy in the school who has not openly espoused his brutality. Man was born free under every flag, even the German, and still hankers after his birthright and feels the degradation of soul-and-body enslavement. We *know* it to be true without documents. And, if we have proofs of strengthening pro-Ally morale in enslaved Europe, we have also proof in microcosm of weakening morale in the Nazi fighting machine. I will mention a tiny pointer from the secluded countryside of Britain. In one village area in Blankshire, whose nearest military objective is eight miles away, over a thousand high-explosive bombs have been dropped to date, causing three casualties and destroying four cottage or farm buildings. In one large field in Southern England, twelve miles from the sea and eleven miles from the nearest military objective other than a seaport, nineteen high-explosive bombs have at various times been dropped without any damage at all save to the soil. In a patch of innocent wood in the Midlands 200 fire-bombs fell without damage to a single tree. Goering might indeed be disquieted if he knew these things, which are common experience all over rural England. A proportion of his angels of death are either half-hearted or half-baked or more than ordinarily windy—failings not unusually found in bullies and their satellites. How best can we exploit these comforting evidences? There is but one way (and I wish the B.B.C. would acknowledge it)—to drive on in silence and in dignity, without jeers and without boasts. To reply to threats and boasts only with deeds.

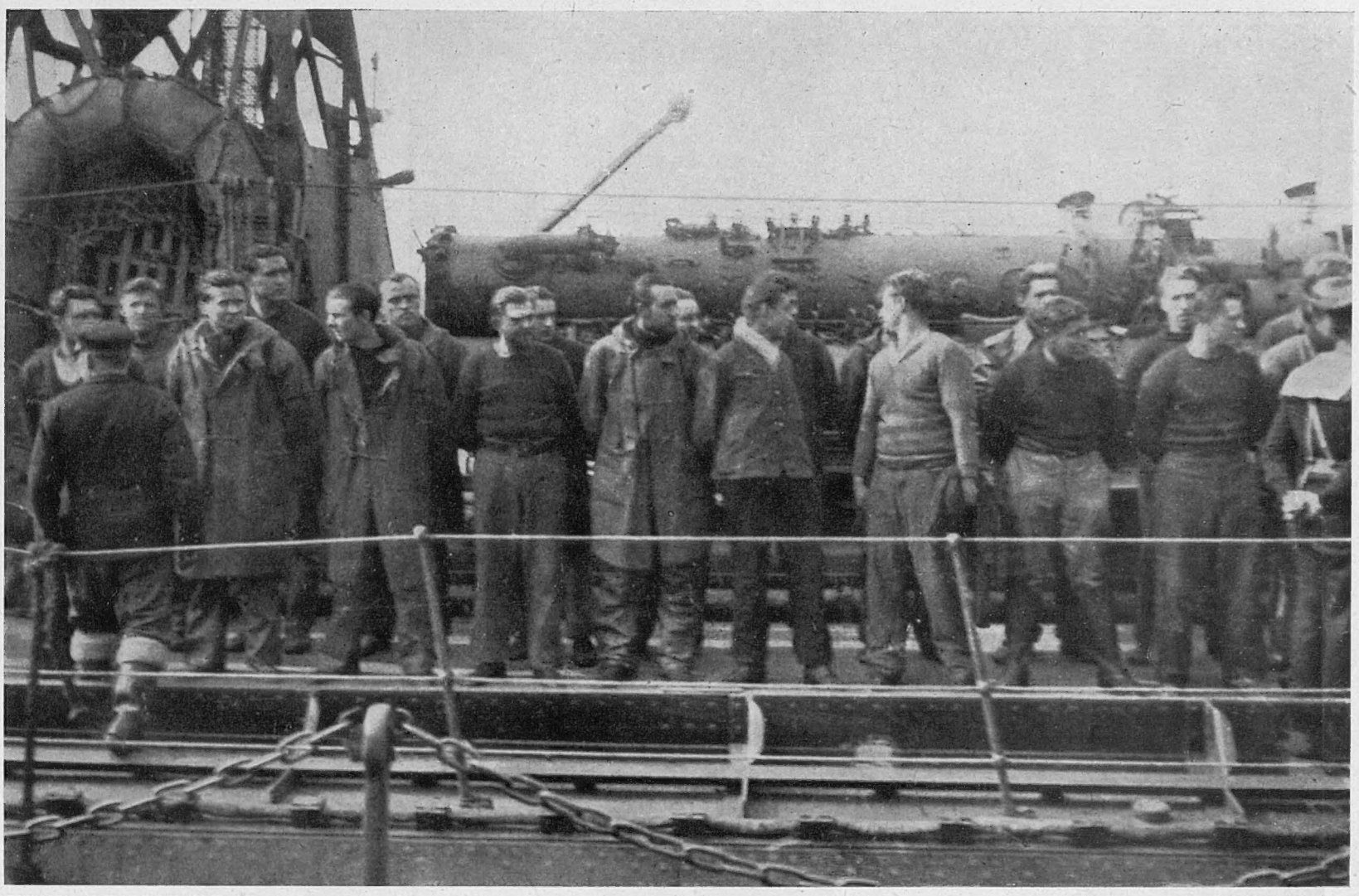
Allied Anthems.

—Come, the list of Allied National Anthems is growing. Soon it may upset the apple-cart of B.B.C. time-tabling. With *hands* as well as hearts the nations who still value freedom are ranging themselves beside us in the last great battle against Hitler. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Greece, Yugoslavia. With hand and heart, the mighty United States, China, Turkey, Free France, Egypt, are all in the open on our side—a dozen nations. We are not alone now, and every week our adherents rally in their thousands to the banner of hope and freedom. The same hope rises, like sap in spring, in the hearts of millions who are too weak, too vulnerable or too timid to show a sign. Can we doubt any longer that, when Hitler's hour comes, the vengeance he has called down on his unhappy, slavish people will be fearful and world-wide? He and his victims will be broken on the wheel of his Axis before they may sue with humility to play once more a part in the progress of civilisation. The spring may be cold and cheerless, but the spring is here and the sap is running up.

Our Esteemed Contemporary — H.G.

— The H.G. has clearly dug itself in! It has established its Fleet Street. The first Home Guard journal to come to my hands is called *The Willing Horse*—a felicitous title—and bears the arms of a famous regiment recruited from Hell's Corner County. It runs to nearly fifty pages and carries—*mirabile dictu*—a most satisfying weight of advertising matter. There are many articles and features which, with two or three exceptions, are all the work of volunteers of the H.G. Battalion who have produced it. Among them is an interesting historical review of earlier prototypes of Defence Volunteers, from the Saxon *fyrd* to the Napoleonic-Wars fencibles. There are topicalities, personalities, poems, skits, snappy stories, articles on sport and training, company notes and correspondence, and even matters of interest to women (who play an important part in the H.G.). *The Willing Horse* has clearly been produced to pose once more that insoluble question as to the superior might of the pen or the sword—and I, for one, still grope for the answer, after reading the Battalion's achievements in the Battalion's own review

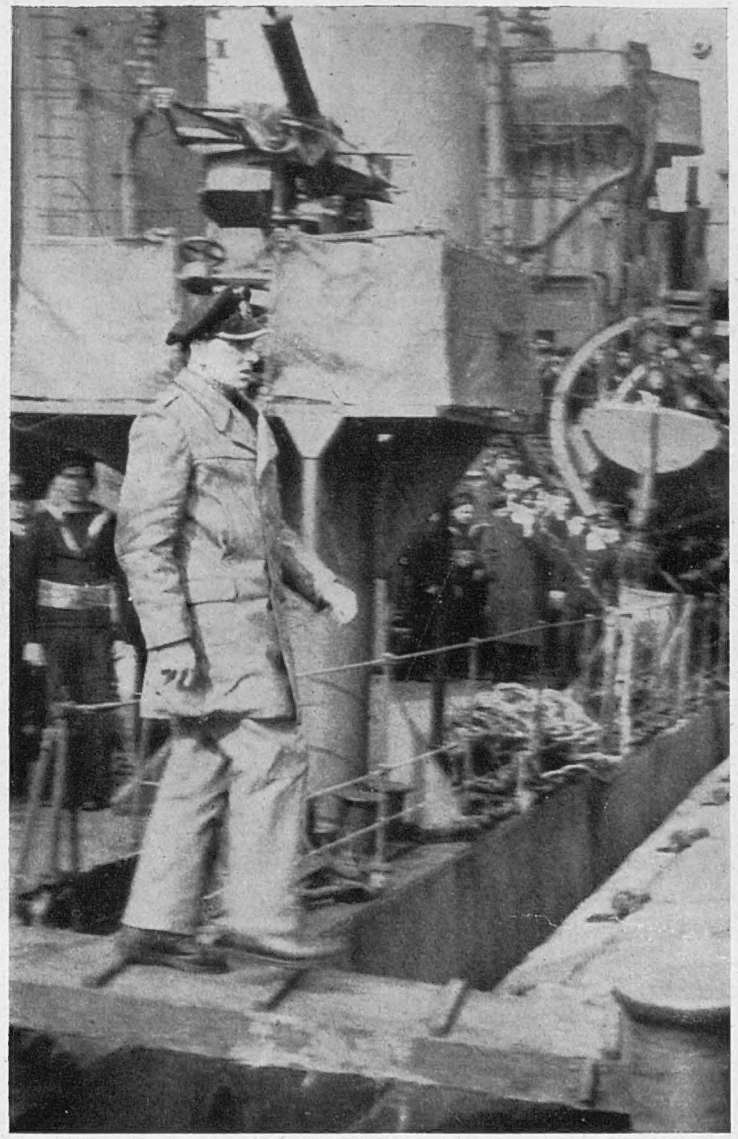
THE OLD STAGER



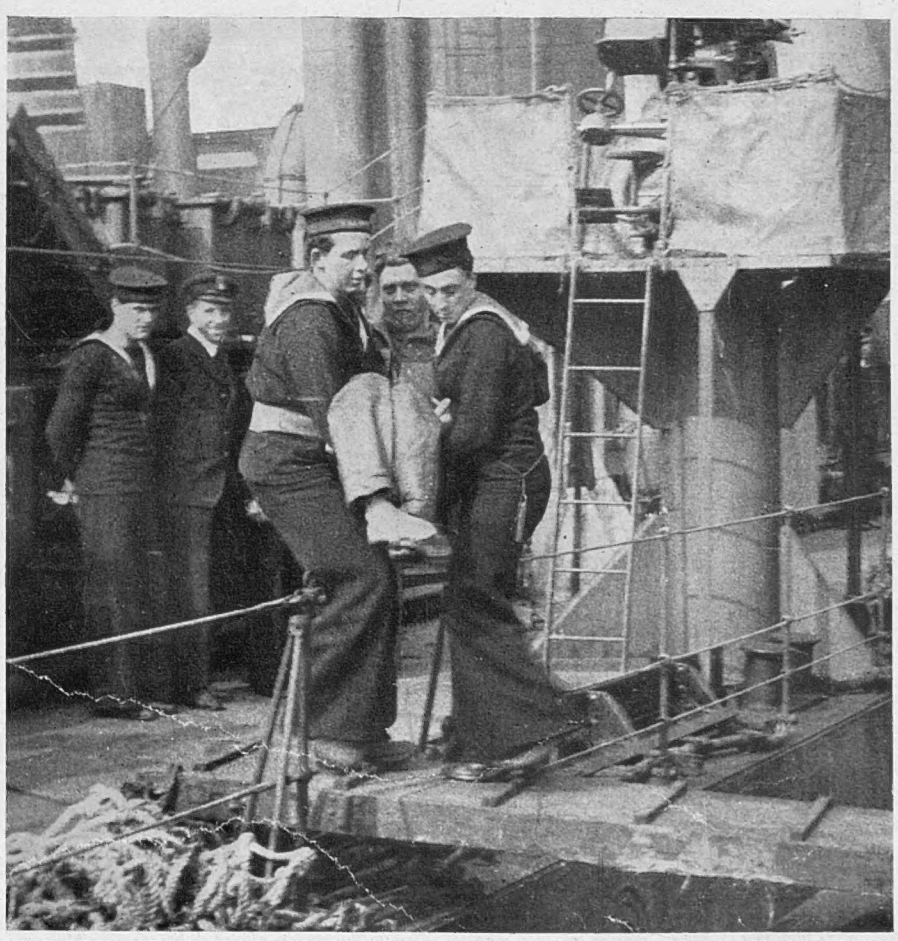
GERMAN U-BOAT PRISONERS LINED UP ON THE DECK OF A BRITISH DESTROYER WHICH SANK TWO OF THE THREE ENEMY SUBMARINES REFERRED TO BY MR. CHURCHILL IN HIS SPEECH ON MARCH 18. The captive sailors were being marshalled for their landing at a British port for subsequent internment

PRISONERS FROM THE U-BOATS

On March 18, speaking at the Pilgrims' luncheon to the new U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Churchill partially lifted the veil concerning our unrelenting warfare against the German submarines in the Atlantic. "Only yesterday I received the news of the certain destruction of three German U-boats," he said. "Not since October 13, 1939, have I been cheered by such delectable tidings of a triple event." On the day in October referred to another three U-boats had been destroyed. There are some hundreds of officers and men from enemy submarines now interned in Britain, it was recently stated. But this number is no indication of the total number of U-boats destroyed. In fact, only a proportion of the enemy crews are saved by us. But included in the latter is Germany's "ace" submarine commander, Otto Kretschmer, of whom a picture is given on this page.



GERMANY'S "ACE" OF U-BOAT COMMANDERS IS NOW A PRISONER: This is Otto Kretschmer, German submarine commander, who has been called the "Wolf of the North Atlantic." He was the captain of the German U-99, one of the three U-boats referred to by Mr. Churchill: and here he is seen coming ashore from the British destroyer which brought him back to England as a prisoner. He was regarded as one of Germany's most successful U-boat commanders



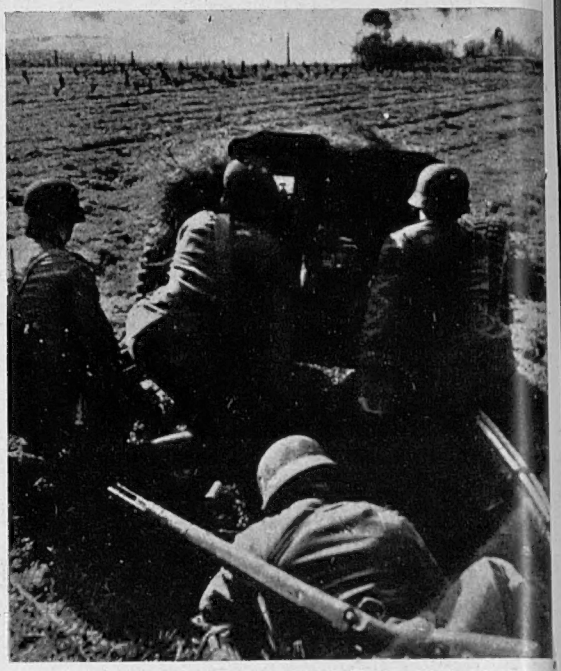
AN INJURED MEMBER OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE CREW BEING CARRIED ASHORE BY BRITISH BLUEJACKETS FOR INTERNMENT AFTER CAPTURE IN THE ATLANTIC

THE GERMAN ATTACKS ON GREECE AND YUGOSLAVIA

And the Advance Towards Egypt

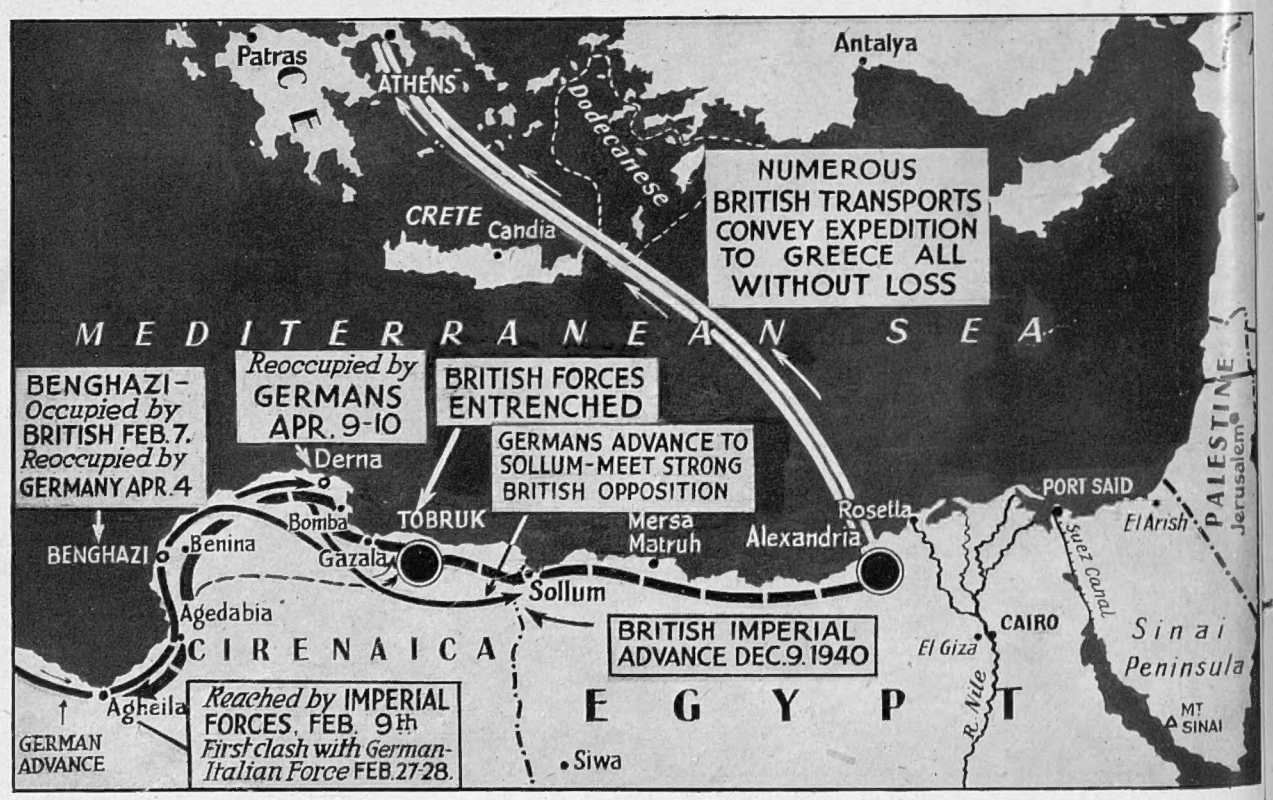
THE FIRST EIGHT DAYS OF THE WAR IN THE BALKANS : A GENERAL SURVEY : The German thrust against Yugoslavia and Greece, which began with the bombing of Belgrade on Sunday, April 6, is here shown in a general diagrammatic survey, showing the German lines of attack streaming down through Bulgaria, first to western Thrace, then to southern Serbia and the penetration towards Albania. The occupation of Salonika cut off western Thrace; the occupation of Uskub cut off northern Yugoslavia from the Greek Army in the south. The Greek and British defence area is indicated as stretching from Mt. Olympus to the neighbourhood of Lake Prespa

FIELD MARSHAL LIST, German Commander-in-Chief in the Balkan theatre of war, who is responsible for the operations now being undertaken by the enemy in Greece and Yugoslavia



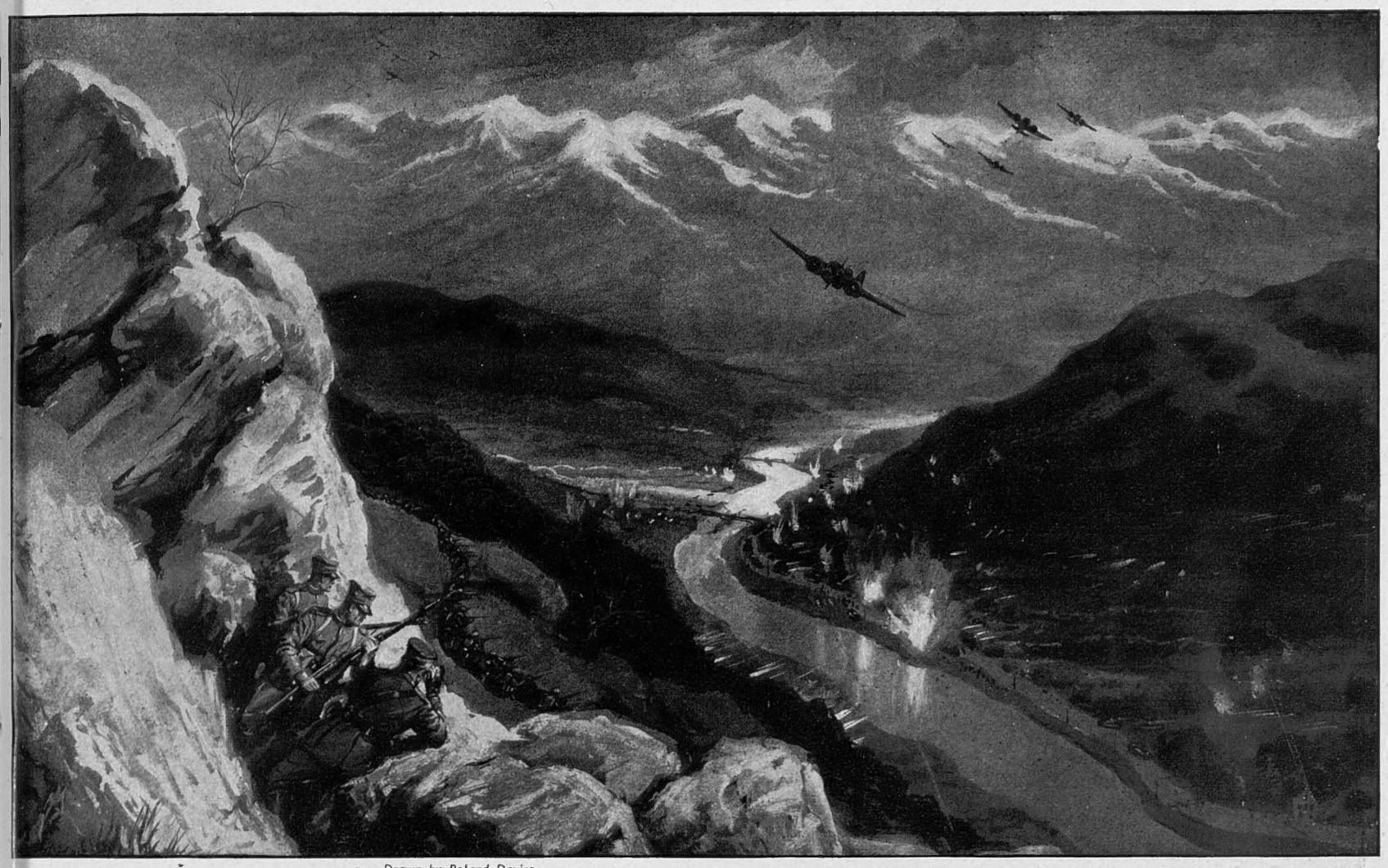
AN ENEMY PROPAGANDA PICTURE FROM THE BALKANS : The German caption to this picture states : "Enemy tanks attacking under cover of artificial fog. Our anti-tank guns are beating the attack." No indication is given of where the picture was taken ; but it seems that the Balkan war zone was indicated. This picture was issued by the German agency on March 14, when a vast number of propaganda pictures were flooding Yugoslavia in an attempt to cow the country into submission

GERMAN TANKS IN BULGARIA : Trundling down picturesque little country paths. The villagers, ignorant of the significance of Nazi occupation, welcome the German invaders with smiles—as did Austria some years ago !



THE GERMAN-ITALIAN COUNTER-ATTACK FROM BENGHAZI TO SOLLUM ON THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST

The presence of armoured mobile forces at El Agheila was first made apparent when a clash occurred with the British Imperial outpost stationed at this advanced point on February 27. Italian statements that considerable forces were in Tripolitania proved to be correct when, after this first clash, various small actions took place and the Arab town of Agedabia-Jedabia was occupied by the enemy motorised columns. It was stated that during the three weeks or so after the fall of Benghazi, the Army of the Nile had been engaged in overhauling and repairing tanks and replenishing supplies. On April 4, a further enemy advance was directed against Benghazi itself, the city being evacuated by the British Imperial Forces, which retired in the direction of Tobruk, where they entrenched themselves. The German-Italian forces then proceeded to advance by several routes to Sollum



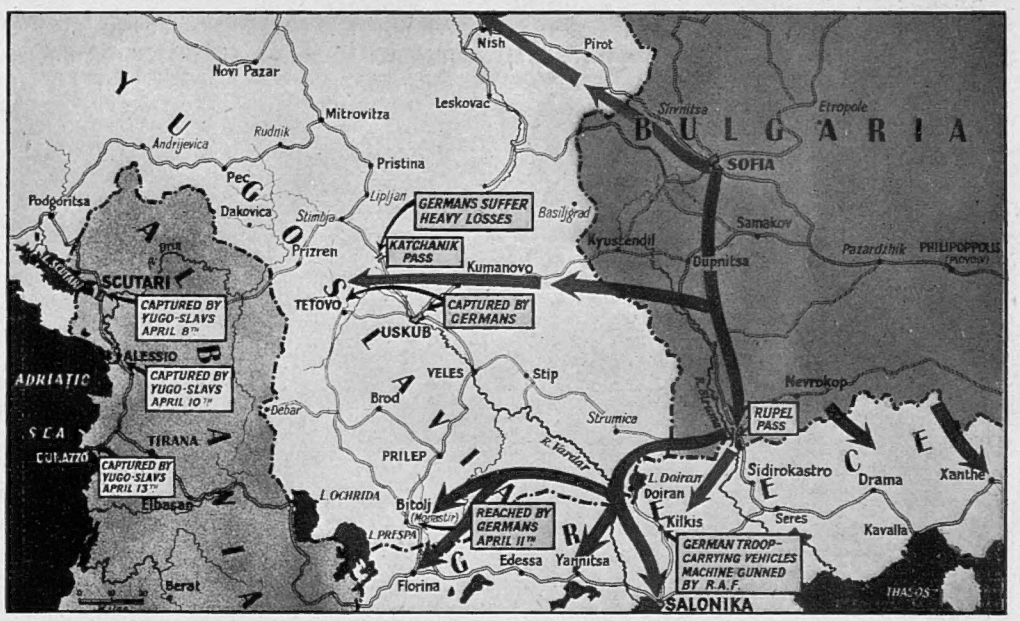
Drawn by Roland Davies

HOW THE GREEKS STROVE TO DEFEND THE RUPEL PASS IN THE STRUMA VALLEY WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF BRITISH BOMBERS : When on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of last week the Germans advanced into the Struma Valley, the Greek forces holding the forts and entrenched positions at the southern end of the valley put up a brilliant and sustained defence. The Germans threw all the weight of their offensive technique against this point, and meeting this strong opposition turned to the west

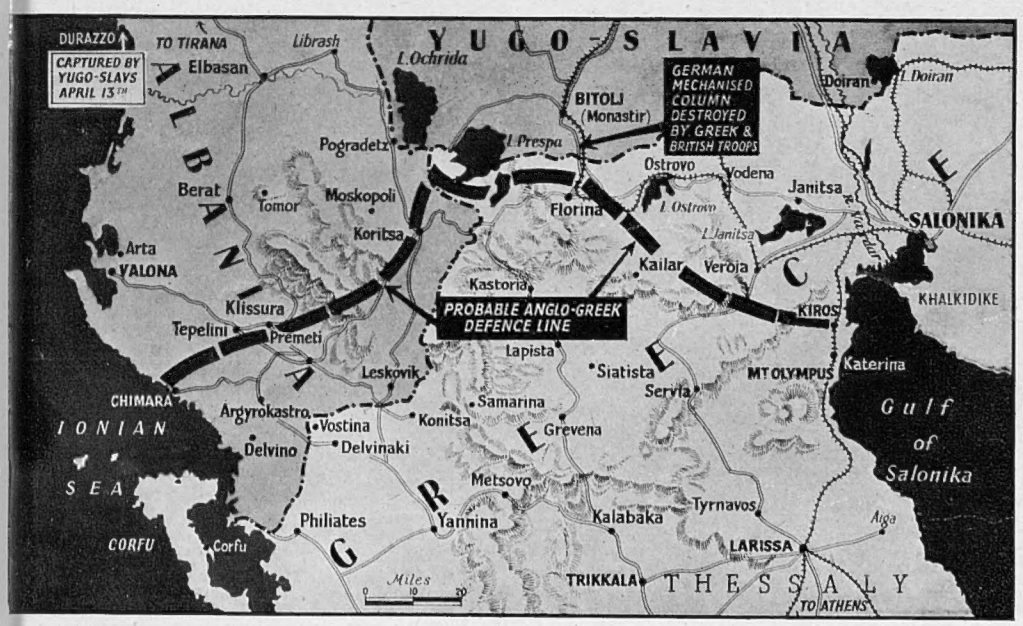
EARLY on the morning of Sunday, April 6, the long-expected attack by Germany on Yugoslavia and Greece was launched both in the air and on land. The city of Belgrade could offer no resistance, and wireless and other services were evidently disabled, for no messages came for a couple of days from Belgrade. Pressure at the same time was exerted on the Greek frontier from Bulgaria, particularly in the district of the Struma Valley.

During Monday the Greek forts guarding the Rupel Pass were attacked by enemy tanks, artillery and dive-bombers. Some fell, but the forts of Rupel and Oocita continued an heroic resistance. Whether the resistance encountered here induced the Germans to turn west it is not possible to know yet; the fact remained the enemy developed pressure on the south Serbian frontier and by penetrating certain valleys with motorised columns, broke into the Vardar Valley, one of the easiest lines of approach to the port of Salonika.

The penetration of the enemy into Yugoslavian territory in the Vardar Valley continued, and it was realised that the left flank of the Greek defences guarding the port of Salonika had been broken through. This placed the Greek defensive forces in a very difficult position, for the enemy was able to reach the area of Lake Doiran, and so outflank the defensive line on the Krusha Balkans.



THE ATTACK THROUGH SOUTHERN YUGOSLAVIA INTO THE VARDAR VALLEY : After the first attack on the Rupel Pass, the German thrust moved west and then south, the Yugoslavian defences at this point being penetrated and the road south to Salonika left open. The grey arrows indicate the main lines of advance by the enemy. Monastir and Florina were reached in the south, Uskub and Nish in the north central region. At the same time, positions on the coast of Albania were occupied by Yugoslavian forces



THE COMBINED GRECO-BRITISH DEFENCE AREA GUARDING THE MAINLAND OF GREECE

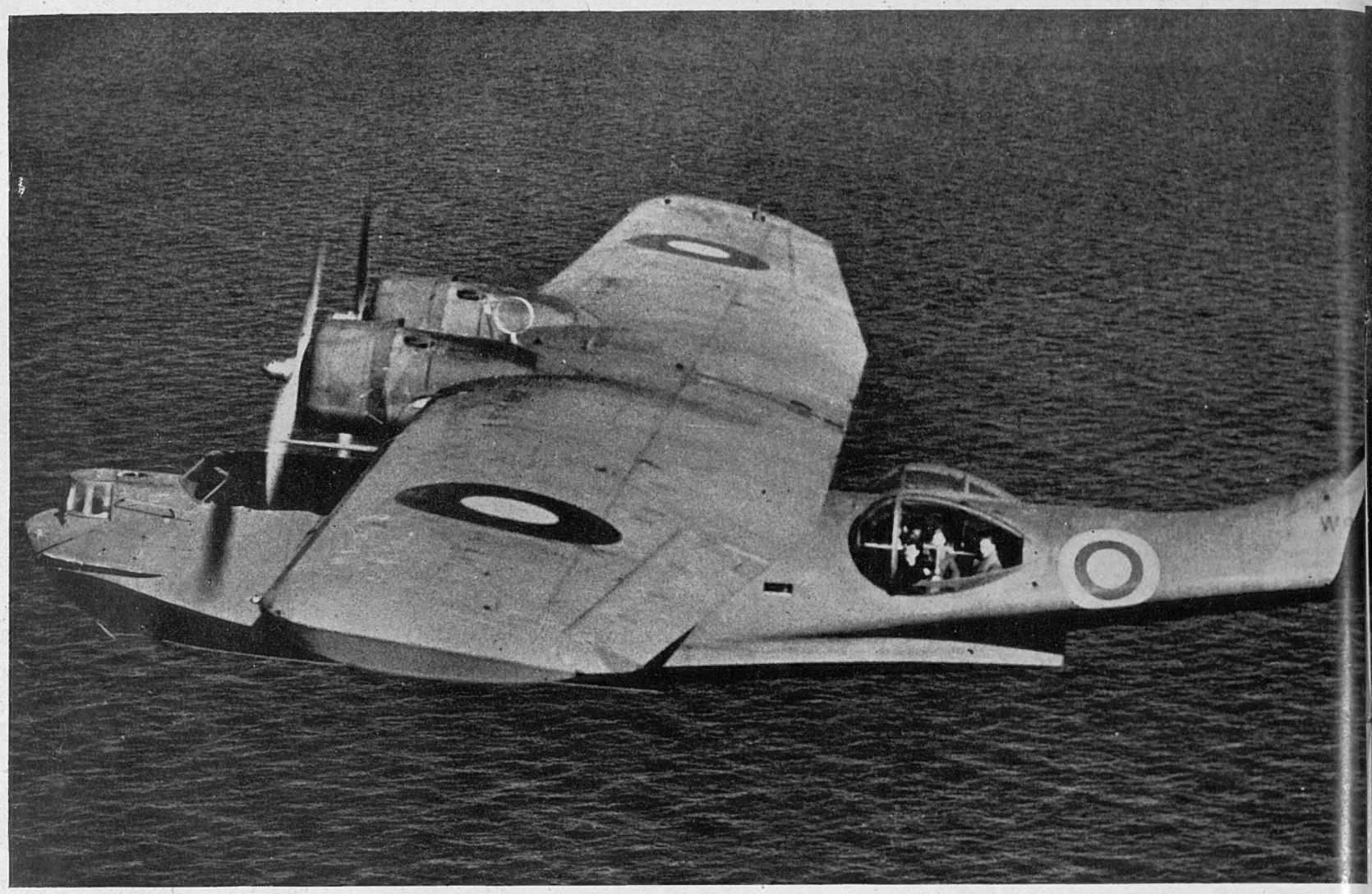
The first positions of the B.E.F. in Greece were not indicated with precision, but it was generally understood that they ran from positions north of Mt. Olympus towards the north-west. On Sunday it was stated that they ran eastwards from Florina along the railway line to Salonika. This railway runs round Lake Ostrovo to Vodena and Janitza and so to Salonika. It was thought that the retirement stated to have taken place on Sunday may have been from salients within this area. The line of defence is here shown as being continued through southern Albania ; it was announced on Monday that Koritza in Albania had been reoccupied by Italian troops

In the early morning of Wednesday German advanced troops, having proceeded at a rapid pace down the modern road bordering the Vardar river, entered Salonika. The enemy was disappointed in finding no food supplies in the city, and is reported to have obtained very little military assistance by the occupation of the port. The British forces were developing positions of resistance from Mt. Olympus, south-west of Salonika, in a north-westerly direction towards Florina. The Germans proceeded to exploit the forcing of the Strumitza Valley doorway, sending a second column westward to Monastir and another north-west towards Uskub, near which, in the Katchanik Pass, the Germans are reported to have suffered heavy losses. The Yugoslavs crossed the River Drin and pressed southwards towards Durazzo.

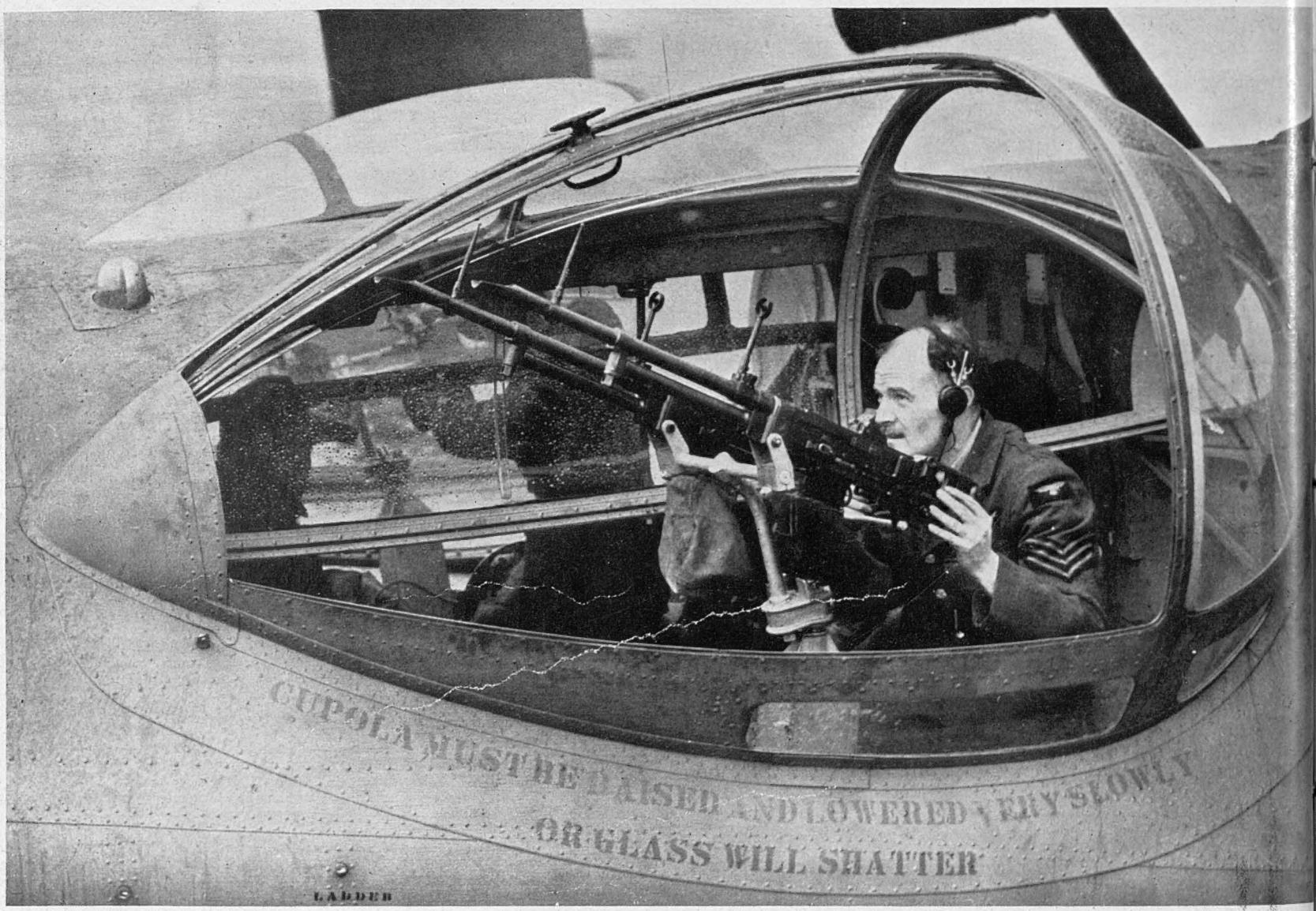
The enemy then continued towards the flat grounds known as the Monastir Gap. The Yugoslavian advance reached San Giovanni di Medua and occupied the small port, which recently became of increased importance to the Italians.

A first B.E.F. communiqué printed in Saturday's newspapers (April 12) stated that German forces had reached Yanitza and Monastir, the invading force being heavily punished by R.A.F. bombers. The German lines of communication were by this time becoming very exposed to effective bombing from the air. Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, was reported to have fallen into German hands. Hungary began to advance into Yugoslavia, in spite of her recent treaty of friendship with that country. This was in order to regain the Banat, held by her before 1914. German forces advanced to Nish, and beyond.

The first impetus of the German advance appeared on Sunday to be slackening, counter-attacks developing on both sides of the Morava river, in the Nish area.



ONE OF THE NEW TYPES FROM THE UNITED STATES, NOW EMPLOYED ON CONVOY PROTECTION : a huge CONSOLIDATED CATALINA FLYING-BOAT of the Coastal Comman whose very long range makes it a formidable weapon in the Battle of the Atlantic

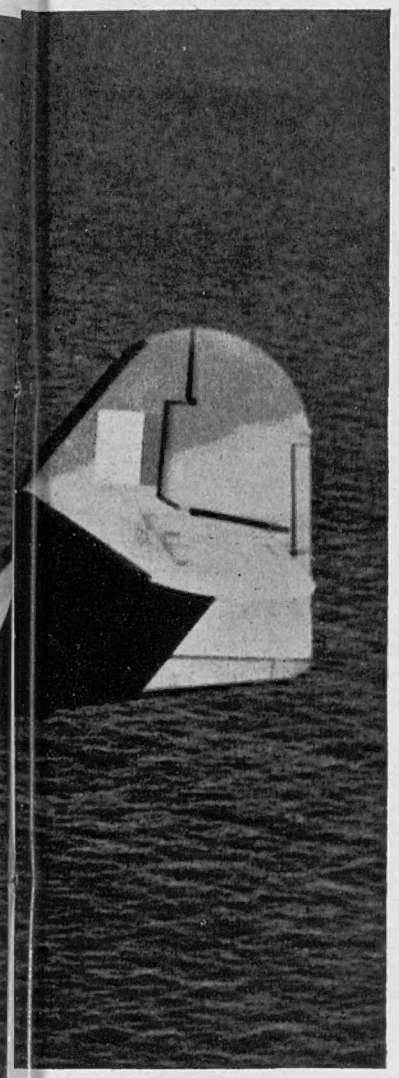


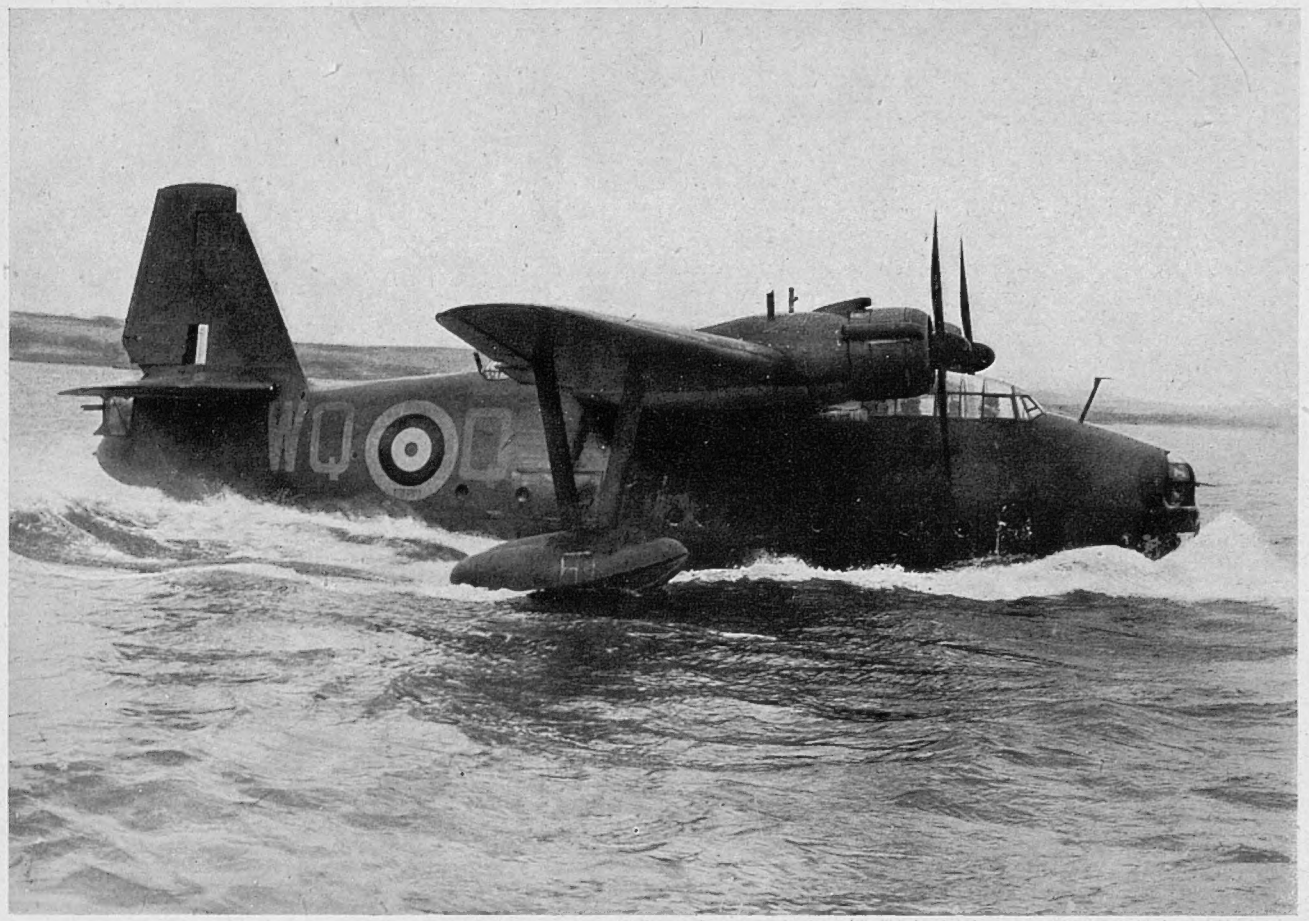
ONE OF THE "BLISTER" GUN TURRETS OF THE CATALINA : THESE ARE BUILT IN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FUSELAGE, AS SEEN IN THE LARGER PICTURE ABOVE. Each h space for its own air-gunner and provides very valuable protection against attack from the beam and the rear

American aid for Britain is now accelerating rapidly : we have already illustrated the new types of fighters and bombers and reconnaissance machines which are now coming into service with the R.A.F. Here we show the first "close-up" pictures of the Consolidated Catalina long-range flying-boat, which is now being operated by the Coastal Command in the all-vital Battle of the Atlantic. Just before the war the forerunner of this class was flown from California to Felixstowe for experimental purposes : the type has now been adapted for war purposes and possesses two very workmanlike "blisters" on either side of the fuselage for the accommodation of air-gunners and guns. The Catalina is an amphibian, with tricycle undercarriage for land operations. On t water the necessary stabilising floats are formed by the tips of the wings, which are shown in clo detail in the two pictures on the right. The aircraft weighs some seven tons empty, and twe tons loaded. Its top speed is 190 m.p.h., but it has a terrific range—some 4,000 miles at cruising speed of 130 m.p.h. In addition to the gun "blisters" in the hull, the Catalina is a fitted with gun turrets in the nose. Its range and armament make of this aircraft a power weapon in the Battle of the Atlantic

NEW PROTECTION for the ATLANTIC CONVOYS

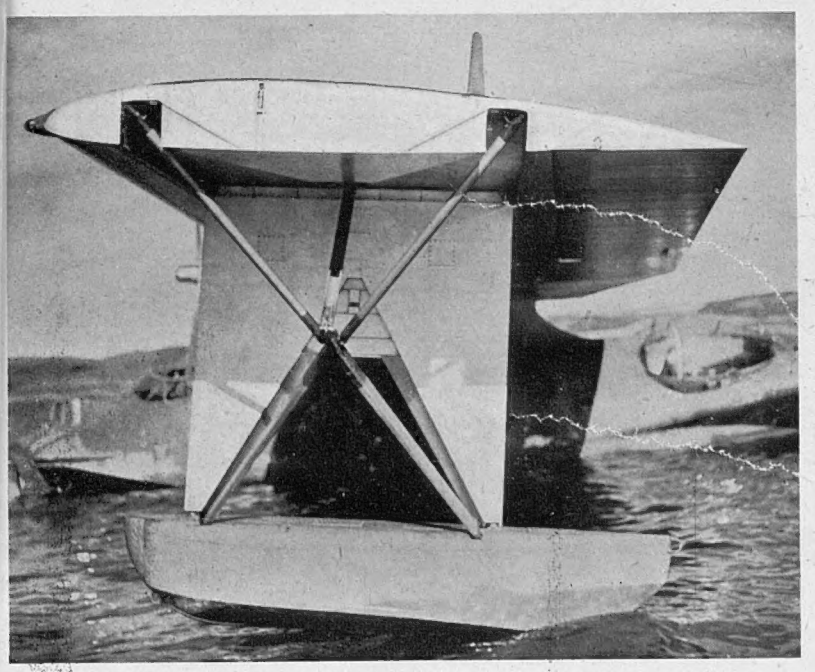
"Everything Turns upon the Battle of the Atlantic, which is Proceeding with Growing Intensity on Both Sides"—The Prime Minister in the House of Commons, April 9



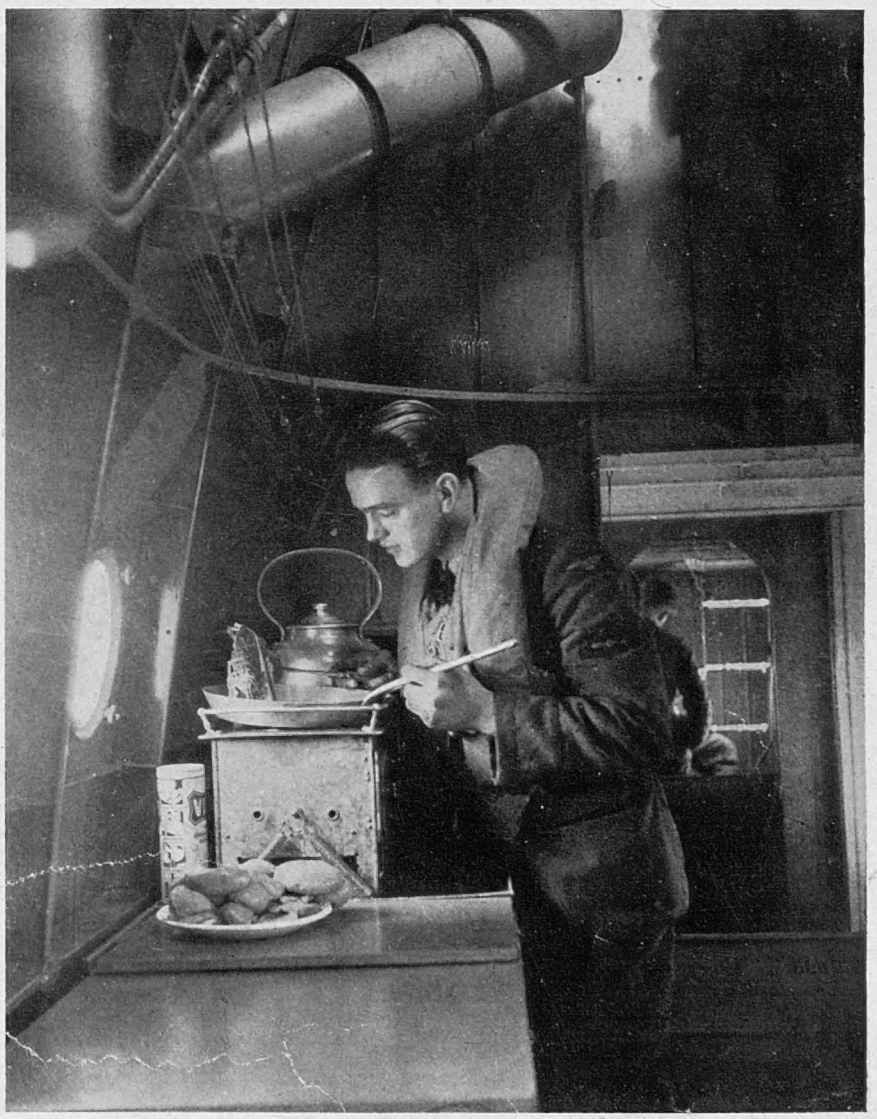


OUR OWN BRITISH-BUILT FLYING-BOAT—THE SAUNDERS-ROE LERWICK—A LONG-DISTANCE RECONNAISSANCE-BOMBER, WHICH IS BEING FLOWN WITH THE CONVOYS. IT IS BUILT WITH THREE POWER-OPERATED MULTI-GUN TURRETS

THE UNIQUE WING-TIP OF THE CATALINA, WHICH ACTS AS A FLOAT WHEN THE AIRCRAFT IS TAXI-ING ON THE WATER



WHEN THE AIRCRAFT LEAVES THE WATER, THIS FLOAT WILL BE DRAWN UP TO FORM THE TIP OF THE WING



HOT MEALS CAN BE SERVED ABOARD THE LERWICK, AND A VARIETY OF FOOD IS ALWAYS CARRIED ON THE LONG-DISTANCE ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROLS : Like the famous Short Sunderland, the Lerwick aircraft, built by Saunders-Roe of Cowes, is playing a valuable part in operational work around Britain and in the Atlantic. It is a high-wing all-metal monoplane which is powered by two Bristol Hercules engines developing 1,375 h.p. Owing to the length of the patrols which this type of aircraft is called upon to undertake, hot meals actually cooked on board are served to the crews. Apart from reconnaissance duties, one of the roles of the Lerwick is to protect the merchant convoys in the Atlantic and Western approaches

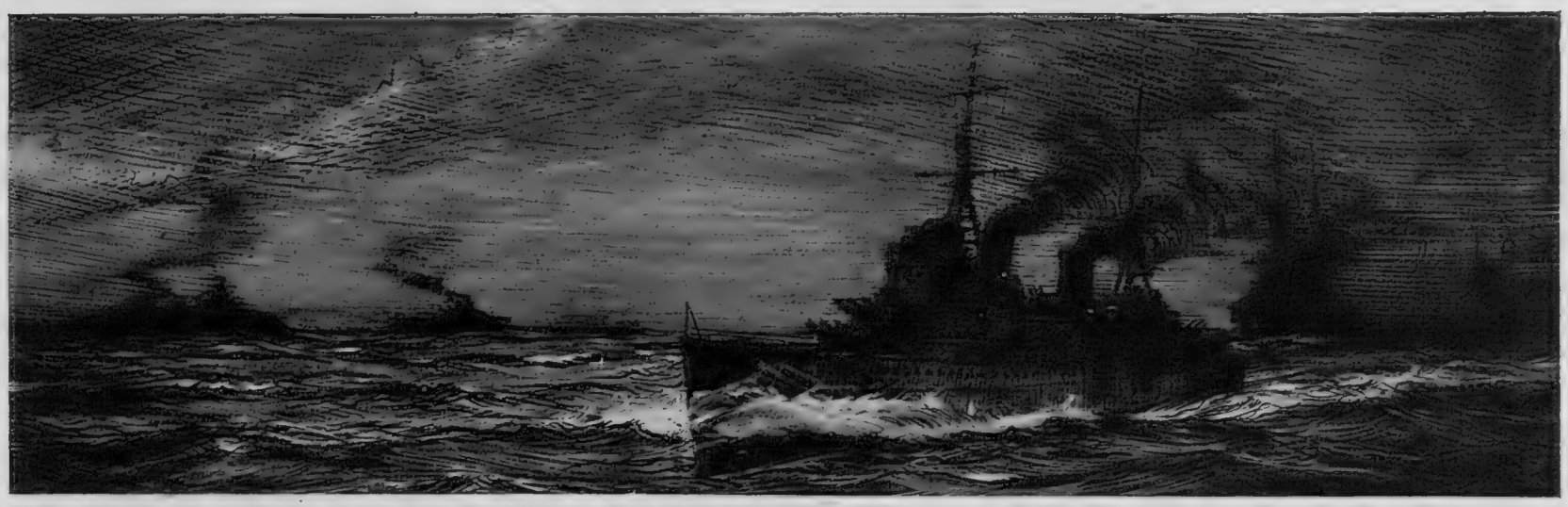
The RETURN of Mr. EDEN and GENERAL DILL

GENERAL DILL WITH CAPTAIN MARGESSON AT 10, DOWNING STREET: During the Easter week-end it was announced that both Mr. Eden, Foreign Secretary, and General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, had returned safely to London after a stay in the Middle East extending over a number of weeks. Here the General is seen with his Chief outside No. 10, Downing Street after the Cabinet Meeting at which both he and Mr. Eden were present

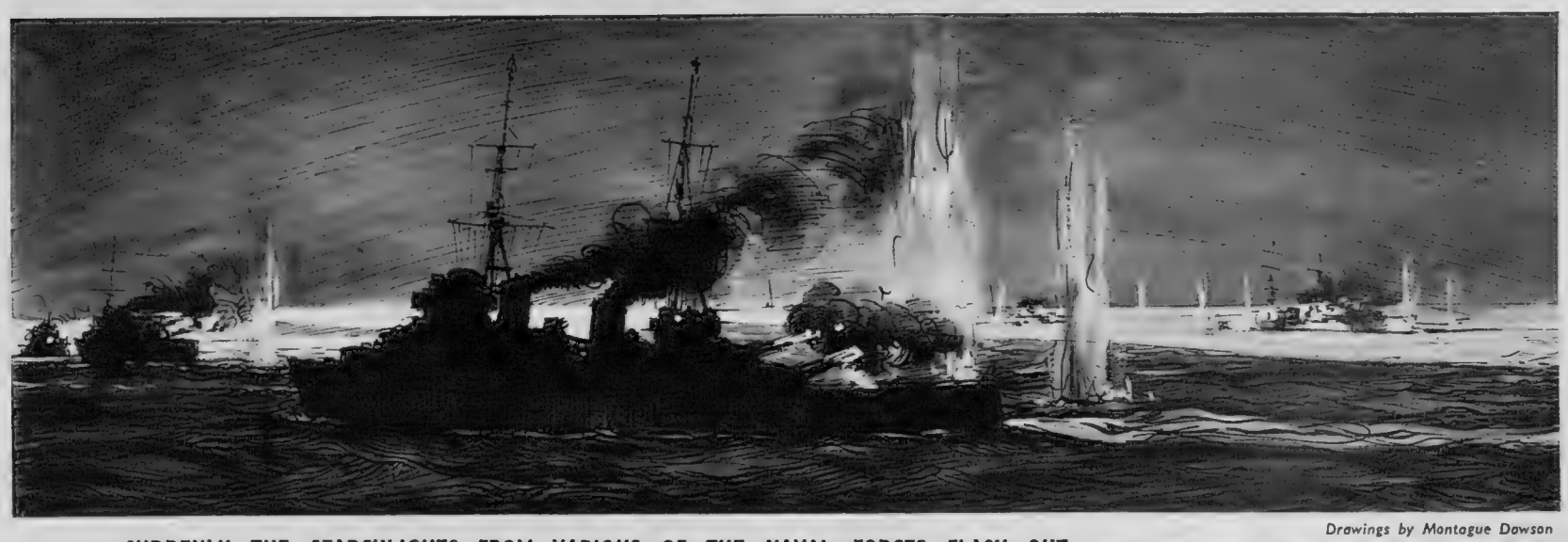
MR. EDEN WITH MR. A. V. ALEXANDER (FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY) LEAVING AFTER THE EASTER CABINET MEETING: During Mr. Eden's stay in the Middle East, he and Sir John Dill flew many hundreds of miles between Cairo, Athens and Ankara. This task was a difficult—and a dangerous—one. Immediately after their return a Cabinet Meeting was held at No. 10, Downing Street to consider their report on Middle Eastern affairs. Mr. Eden, it will be remembered, was War Secretary before reassuming the Foreign Secretaryship

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL WITH GENERAL SMUTS IN CAIRO: A picture taken during the South African Premier's recent visit to the Egyptian capital. As our Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, Sir Archibald has the direction of all the British operations in that vast area—Libya, Abyssinia and Greece

THE WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR ARRIVES IN LONDON: A picture of Mrs. John G. Winant taken shortly after her arrival in the capital. Mrs. Winant was leaving her London residence for a tour of the City to see how it has stood up to the German "blitz"



LIGHT FORCES, STEAMING IN LINE AHEAD, MEET UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT: OWING TO THE DARKNESS IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO ESTABLISH THEIR NATIONALITY, AND AN AWKWARD PERIOD OF DOUBT ENSUES . . .



Drawings by Montague Dawson

. . . SUDDENLY THE SEARCHLIGHTS FROM VARIOUS OF THE NAVAL FORCES FLASH OUT—AND IMMEDIATELY THE BIG GUNS ROAR INTO ACTION. IT IS THE ENEMY TRYING TO MAKE OFF IN THE DARKNESS . . .

NIGHT ACTION AT SEA

At the Battle of Matapan, the First Naval Encounter by Night Since Jutland Took Place

ALL through the winter months the Navy has been keyed up to a high pitch of strain, for the long nights give the best opportunity to the enemy wishing to carry out raids undetected and to escape action. Nobody knows better than the British naval officer that night actions at sea are always a matter of the greatest chance, both in their occurrence and their result, for nobody has been more often robbed of victory than he. The luck of such actions is usually on the side of the party using escapist tactics, but off Matapan it favoured us for once.

When all men-of-war steam without lights as a matter of course, it is very easy to pass an enemy within a comparatively short distance without detecting him, and if contact is made it is always likely to be at such close range that the first few salvoes decide the action. Every Navy provides all its ships with night identification signals, constantly changed in case they should be compromised through being observed by the enemy, but on account of the risk the prudent captain does not make the challenge if he can avoid it, for the first to show lights naturally gives her position away and the enemy has the great advantage of being able to get in the first shots.

During the late war there were many examples of this, one of the most striking being during the night after the Battle of Jutland in 1916, when the Second Light Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet, consisting of the flagship *Southampton* and her sister ships *Dublin, Nottingham* and *Birmingham*, made out through the darkness five cruisers steaming in line ahead alongside them and only about 1,500 yards away. Enemy ships were known to be in the vicinity, for only a few minutes before they had heard very heavy gunfire, but the British Third Light Cruiser Squadron was also about, and the ships were just as likely to be units of that formation. So the two squadrons steamed on converging courses, each abstaining from giving the recognition signal and so betraying its identity and position first. When they were only about 800 yards apart something had to be done and the *Southampton* started to flash her challenge. In an instant the whole opposite line started firing as fast as the guns could be served. The British ships answered almost simultaneously, the *Southampton* and *Dublin* switching on their searchlights to assist their aim and all the enemy ships doing the same. The *Nottingham* and *Birmingham* decided not to do so, and although it prevented them having such a good chance of scoring hits, it saved them from heavy casualties and damage. In only three and a half minutes the *Southampton* had eighty casualties and the *Dublin* twenty-six, out of about 380 men in each ship. The enemy did not escape unscathed, the cruiser *Frauenlob* going down in a few moments with over 340 officers and men, and the *Stettin, Munchen* and *Hamburg* sustaining heavy losses. Unfortunately, except for the *Frauenlob*, they had the benefit of the luck and managed to get their other ships away. They retained means of signalling and their Admiral was able to convey his orders; by suddenly extinguishing all their searchlights and ceasing fire at the same time, altering course together, they left the British ships mystified, and in a few minutes had disappeared into the darkness.

That is the sort of thing that is always liable to occur in night actions. The heavy casualties were unfortunate, and it must be remembered that modern cruisers carry their 6-in. guns in turrets instead of the old-fashioned shields which left most of the gun's crew unprotected and which were the cause of the heavy losses in the *Southampton* and *Dublin*. These turrets are sufficient to keep out most of the splinters. Some of the older type of cruiser remain and are doing useful work at the present time, while it is only the biggest destroyers which have gun-houses instead of shields.

The use of searchlights will dazzle the gun-layers of an enemy ship, as they did in the action after Jutland, but they make the ship using them an excellent target for other vessels in the enemy's line, and if she has the bad luck to get between two forces of the enemy the light will silhouette her perfectly. The destroyer *Greyhound*, which at Matapan turned her searchlights on to each cruiser of the enemy's main squadron in turn while the 15-in. guns did their work, knew perfectly well what a big risk she was running, for at that range she should have been blown out of the water by the Italians' 3·9-in. secondary batteries if their gun-layers had kept their heads. The battleships dealt with them each in turn and the second and third ships to be attended to had ample time to open a terrific fire on the destroyer.

For a night action, even more than one fought in daylight, it is necessary for the ship to be prepared, not only to bring the guns to bear and to open without a moment's delay, but to maintain a very rapid fire, as the opportunity of hitting the enemy is not likely to last more than a few minutes at most. Shells and charges must therefore be kept ready round the guns, and this involves a serious risk of a fierce cordite fire.

Against an enemy using escape tactics, communications are also a very great difficulty at night. A hail of shells of all sizes hitting the ship, and splinters from near misses coming on board, are very liable to bring down the wireless gear and to cut through the electric-light leads to the signalling lamps, so that the flagship is unable to keep the ships operating as a perfect team. A ship getting a glimpse of the enemy is often unable to pass on the information. "*Sauve qui peut*" is good enough for a force in retreat, but when the ships of the pursuing squadron are all acting as individual units, without control or the means of receiving intelligence, the element of chance is naturally multiplied many times.

By the careful study of the lessons of the late war, all possible precautions have been taken both in training and in the design of recent ships. Fittings have been duplicated and triplicated against the chances of their being shot away, one reason for the very high cost of modern ships, but one which is fully justified by the example of the *Pola*, which, through the neglect of this precaution, had the mortification of seeing the destroyer *Havock*, lying within easy range but out of the direction of the guns which were fixed by the destruction of the electric generators, calmly asking permission to blow off her stern with depth-charges.

But while the great element of chance must always play a great part, and is always liable to rob us of satisfactory victory, the British Navy has one very great advantage in night actions, and that is that the Admiralty, while it has taken the fullest advantage of the most scientific apparatus, especially in gunnery, has never relaxed its policy of training every bluejacket to act on his own initiative in the old way should the scientific apparatus be shot away or otherwise put out of action. This showed itself at Matapan when the big guns crashed their salvoes into the first cruiser before she was even aware of the British battleships' presence, and then into her two consorts before their paralysed crews had regained their senses. Only a matter of seconds elapsed between the three shadowy forms being made out in the darkness, the *Greyhound* illuminating the targets and the big shells getting home. Nobody but the British Navy would grumble because one shot in the first salvo appears to have missed its mark.

F. B.

Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ENEMY SHIP SEEKS THE PROTECTION OF A NEUTRAL HARBOUR

When war breaks out between two countries, the merchantmen of one may attempt to seek safety in a neutral harbour: this vessel is, of course, liable for the payment of all harbour dues incurred during her stay, and she must not do anything to interfere with the effective working of either ship or harbour. It is conceivable that this unwelcome guest may attempt later to make a run for it—either to regain her own territory, or to refuel a raider operating in nearby waters. In this case the merchantman runs the risk of an encounter with hostile war-vessels lurking at sea for the purpose of intercepting her and frustrating this undertaking. In the case of intercepted German ships they invariably scuttle themselves as soon as they realise that escape is impossible. On the other hand—as the United States and other countries have shown—vessels may be seized by the neutral Powers to prevent acts of sabotage

The SABOTAGING of MERCHANT VESSELS

After Having Taken Refuge in a Neutral Harbour, there are Certain Essential Things a Merchantman May and May Not Do in Wartime

Described by FRANK C. BOWEN

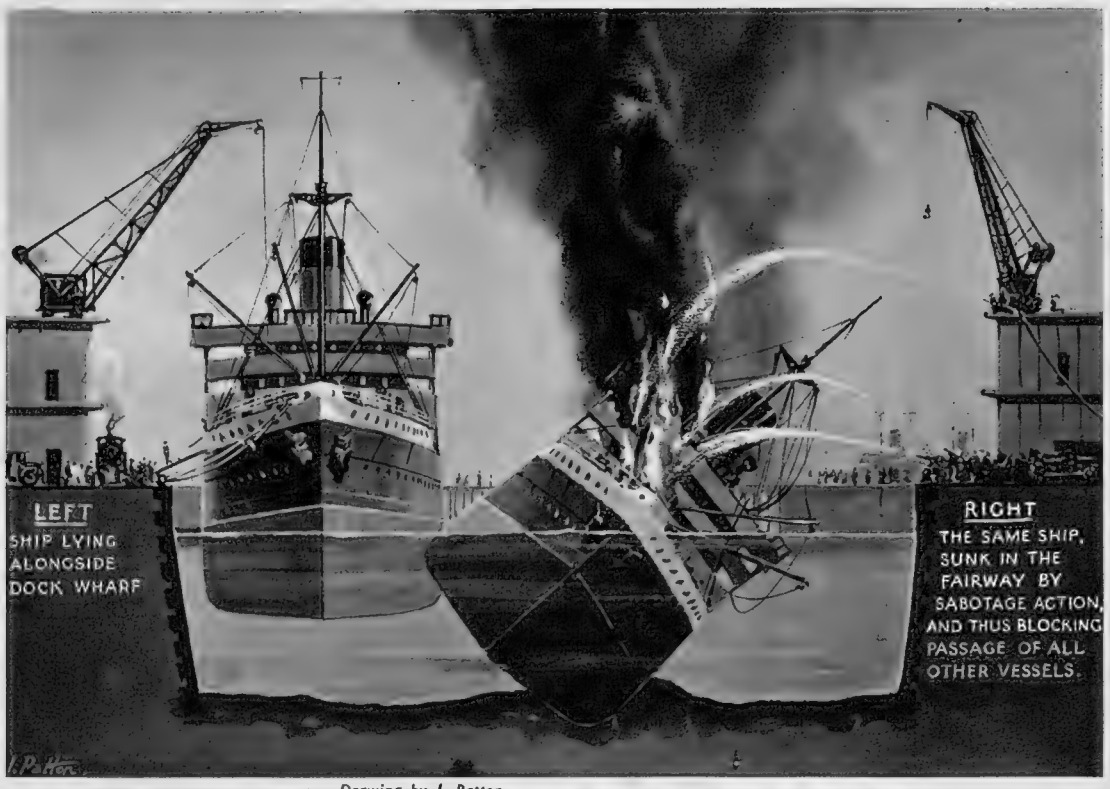
THE action of the United States authorities in putting sixty-nine Italian, German and Danish ships, amounting to nearly 300,000 tons gross, under protective guard within a few hours, has caused great indignation in the Axis, but there is every justification for the American action, for there is no doubt that a lot of deliberate sabotage work had already been done, and this constituted a great danger to American ports. The Danish ships and seamen were treated differently from the Germans and Italians, in whose cases the United States authorities had every reason to take all possible precautions, on account of their experience with the interned crew of the North German Lloyd liner *Columbus*, scuttled to avoid capture by the British, who have repeatedly broken their parole and abused the hospitality of the country which saved them. They have shown no compunction about doing so; quoting the *Fehneneid*, or Oath to the Flag, which they claim to absolve them from all questions of personal honour where the material benefit of Germany is concerned.

This attitude is common to both the Germans and Italians, and the former have quite openly approved the action of their seamen in the late war, when they had no regard for the hosts who had given them protection from their enemies. The liner *Friedrich der Grosse*, sheltering in New York Harbour, was used as a secret bomb factory for von Rintelen's incendiary campaign, and, in recording the 1917 sabotage of the interned ships, German historians have regretted that things were not better arranged to do greater harm to the Americans.

It is only natural, therefore, that the United States State Department has been keeping a very careful eye on such ships this time. Even so, they were too late to prevent a great deal of wanton damage in the Italian ships especially. Definite evidence has proved that their crews have been working on some of them

TYPES OF THE ITALIAN CREWS BEING TRANSFERRED TO ELLIS ISLAND: On board the coastguard cutter which was taking them to internment. Altogether some 27 ships were seized by Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, acting under approval of the President

ITALIAN SHIPS SEIZED BY THE U.S.: Four of the five Italian merchantmen seized by the Government at Port Newark after the crews had been discovered in the act of sabotaging them. In the right foreground is the *San Leonardo*: the others are the *Brennaro*, *Alberto* and *Aussa*. Enemy ships have also been seized in Mexico and South America

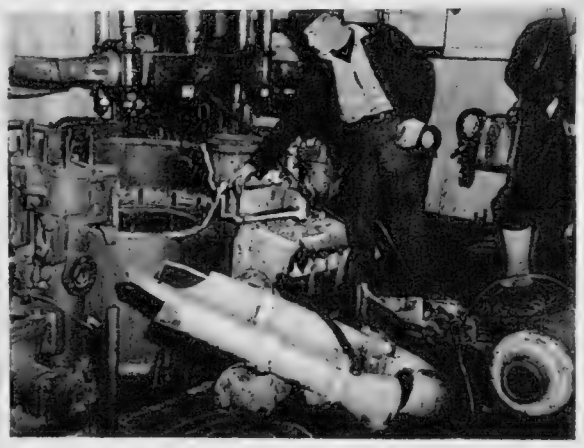


Drawing by J. Patton

AN EXTREME CASE OF SABOTAGE IN A NEUTRAL PORT: If the enemy crew are determined to wreak as much damage as possible, irrespective of the fact that they are sheltering in a neutral port, they may attempt actually to sink the ship. This would be very serious, as the wrecked vessel would then be sunk in the fairway and prevent further access to the quays, blocking the passage of all other vessels in the manner shown above

for at least a fortnight, and, as every big ship's workshop is now provided with oxy-acetylene plant, which produces an intense flame, they have been able to do very much more damage than by the old sledge-hammer method, although that has also been used. Lighting furnaces under dry boilers will immediately ruin the crowns and tubes, and demand long repairs, often amounting to the complete re-boilering of the ship. All the elaborate electrical auxiliary machinery which is fitted into passenger and motor ships can easily be wrecked by deliberate mishandling, while the wiring of a big ship is very complicated, and careful sabotage can make it most difficult to discover just where the damage lies in many miles of wire.

As for the legality of the American action, every State has had the legal right to take possession of foreign ships in its waters ever since the very beginning of International Law, and this can be done in any emergency, not necessarily actual war. Germany has herself constantly exercised this right since the days of the Hanseatic League, and Italy also did so before she came into the last war, so that their protests are most illogical. Under the present state of International Law, a State which actually confiscates neutral ships is liable for their hire and compensation when things are again normal, but the American action is not confiscation, only protective custody.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF SABOTAGE BY ITALIANS: This picture was taken aboard the Italian steamship *Alberto* in Newark, New Jersey. An American sailor is pointing to the main air shaft which was smashed; other broken machinery litters the engine room. This ship was one of five seized at Port Newark by the U.S. Government

Another point is that every refugee ship must respect the internal law of her hosts, and every civilised country naturally has a law against arson. Most of the ships are also very heavily in debt to America for port dues, provisions, fuel, etc., for the Axis does not like using its foreign currency for the payment of honest debts, and reserves all the dollars that it can get for propaganda and Fifth Columnist work. Every country has the natural right to protect itself, and its material interests, and a port is liable to suffer colossal damage by the sabotage of ships—scuttling in a fairway will obstruct free passage by the wreck itself, and also by the shoal that it is bound to raise, while setting a ship on fire alongside a quay is likely to start a conflagration which will involve the whole port.

In addition to their obvious rights in this matter, the United States have a law, passed during the late war, when the extent of the German sabotage plans was fully realised, which legalises the precautionary custody of ships which may be sabotaged and their confiscation if it is actually done.

In 1917 the Germans took measures to damage nearly all their ships as soon as their submarine atrocities had raised American indignation to fever-pitch. Some of them were exempted from the scheme, including the giant *Vaterland*, which was later the United States liner *Leviathan*, as their crews were hoping to be able to slip out to sea with them, but in the case of the great majority, the most careful plans were laid. So when, on April 6, 1917, the American authorities swooped down on the German merchant ships in American ports and secured 104 ships of over 650,000 tons in a few hours, a great deal of damage had already been done. The crews were interned in the immigration depot on Ellis Island, and other convenient places, pending their disposal, and the full proofs which were secured of their anti-American activities fully justified the confiscation of the ships.

The Austrians made no effort to damage their ships, and they sold nearly 60,000 tons of them to the United States Government for cash.

There was great jubilation throughout Germany when it was claimed that all their ships had been made quite useless to the United States, but within a very few months every one of them had been repaired—the first instance of electric welding being used on a large scale—and these ships carried nearly half of the American Expeditionary Force to France. It was a colossal effort on the part of the engineers of the U.S. Navy and U.S. Shipping Board, and technically was one of the most interesting events in the history of ship-repairing, which has greatly influenced the industry ever since. Full details have not yet been published concerning the damage which the Axis Powers have contrived to do to their ships on this occasion; some are known to have been scuttled, but in only a few cases is it definitely known that these were in deep water. As far as repair work is concerned, the American shipbuilding industry is now in a far better position than it was in 1917, and the repair jobs which it has carried out on British merchant ships since the beginning of the war have earned the very highest praise for their speed and thoroughness.

ITALIAN SEAMEN—FLAMBOYANT AS EVER—CHEER AND WAVE AS THE ITALIAN FLAG IS HAULED DOWN: American soldiers, armed with rifles, stand by at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, when four Italian ships were seized and the crews taken ashore after acts of sabotage. The mock heroism of the Italians is typical!

The POSITION of REFUGEE MERCHANT SHIPS

WHY THEY ARE INTERNED

Merchant ships are not interned unless they assume naval duties, which may cover many things from supplying naval vessels outside to conveying intelligence in the unlikely event of their having been allowed to keep their wireless. If they rigged a secret wireless after their regular one had been unshipped in accordance with the ordinary port regulations (peace as well as war), it might also be regarded as a naval act.

CAN THEY REMAIN AN INDEFINITE TIME IN A NEUTRAL HARBOUR?

Certainly: on the same conditions as in peace-time—that they pay their dues and that they obey the orders of the port authorities. This is, of course, provided that the space they are occupying as laid-up ships is not wanted for genuine trade, when they must find a better berth. Such a move would not be ordered if it entailed their going outside the shelter of territorial waters, or, if that was unavoidable, it would not be enforced until the enemy had granted a safe conduct as an act of grace, as Britain has done many times.

CAN A NEUTRAL COUNTRY INFORM WAITING NAVAL CRAFT THAT THE INTERNED SHIPS SHOW SIGNS OF PREPARING FOR A DASH?

If it is done officially it would, of course, be a breach of true neutrality, although Lord alone knows what "true neutrality" is in the present state of chaos in international law. There is nothing to prevent it being done privately (except under a dictatorship) and as it is news it would be sent out by wireless by one of the news agencies. This has recently been done on many occasions.

DOES A NEUTRAL EVER SEIZE A CARGO APART FROM THE SHIP?

It is quite legal to requisition a cargo, although it is usually done with circumspection, provided just compensation is paid. It is often done on grounds of public interest; a coal cargo may explode by spontaneous combustion and endanger the lives of the public, a grain cargo may ferment and give off poison gas, an oil or spirit cargo may corrode the rivets and seep through into the harbour. Or, like Rumania under German pressure, the neutral may just want the cargo.

The STRUGGLE in the BALKANS

The New Area of the War Brought About by Germany's Attack on the Yugoslavs and the Greeks in Their Endeavour to Reach the Mediterranean and Succour the Italians

YUGOSLAVIA'S ONLY RAILWAY CONNECTION WITH ITALY : This is by way of the railway bridge over the Recina River, which separates Fiume from Susak. The Italians were reported to have evacuated Fiume in the first few hours of the conflict

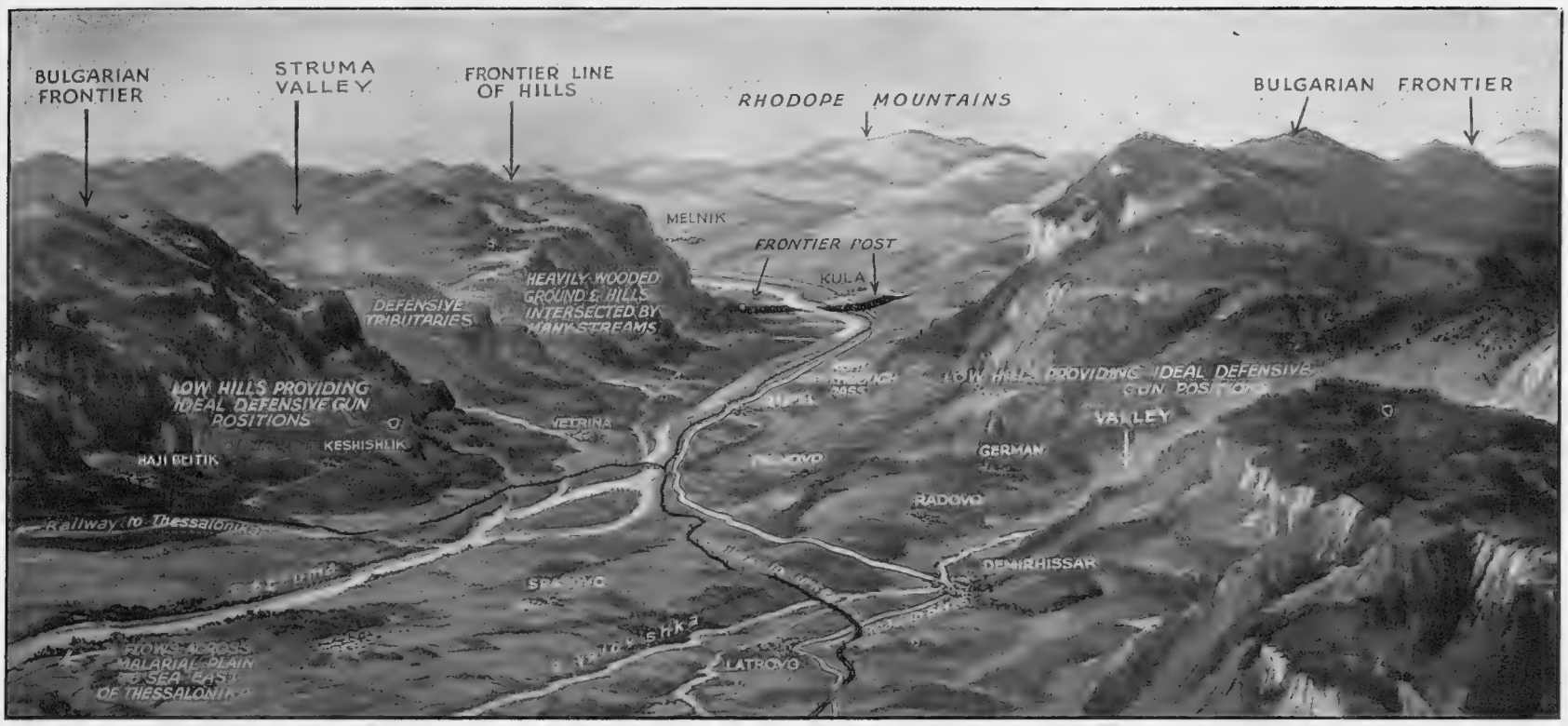
WHERE THE MAIN GERMAN THRUST WAS DEVELOPED IN THE OPENING DAYS OF THE BALKAN WAR, THROUGH THE RUPEL PASS

As was fully anticipated by all the experts it became apparent very shortly after the opening of hostilities that the main German thrust was to be developed towards Salonika by way of the Rupel Pass. Down the Struma Valley came the German hordes, after having occupied practically the whole of Bulgaria without opposition : the German idea, quite evidently, was to effect the capture of Salonika, and also to cut Greece off from any possible junction with the Turkish forces in Eastern Thrace. Needless to say, the thrust southwards was resisted strongly, and into the struggle the weight of the Royal Air Force was also thrown. It is not a far cry from the Bulgarian border to the port of Salonika, nor is the country to be traversed of exceptional difficulty. *But* the German communications all narrow down to the Valley of the Struma, and they are vulnerable to concentrated attack, especially from the air. The Balkan campaign is, of course, only in its opening stages so far : and it still remains to be seen how the German war machine can adapt itself to the new conditions imposed upon it

A YUGOSLAV NAVAL BASE ON THE ADRIATIC—A view of Split, or Spalato: This Dalmatian port has a population of some 40,000 and has a great strategic value for naval operations in the Adriatic Sea

THE STRONGLY FORTIFIED SEAPORT OF KOTOR (CATTARO) : Originally part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Cattaro was one of the naval bases used by the Austrian Fleet during the last war. It passed to Yugoslavia on October 30, 1918, and has since been held by that country. It is now strongly fortified ; guarded by a long approach easy of defence it is a valuable part of Yugoslavia's defensive system. The biggest vessels can lie alongside the quay at Kotor. Yugoslavia has a small navy, but a useful one : it has, too, a surprisingly large mercantile fleet for such a small country. The Italians have carried out raids on Yugoslavia's coastline, as was indeed to be expected in the opening stages of the new campaign

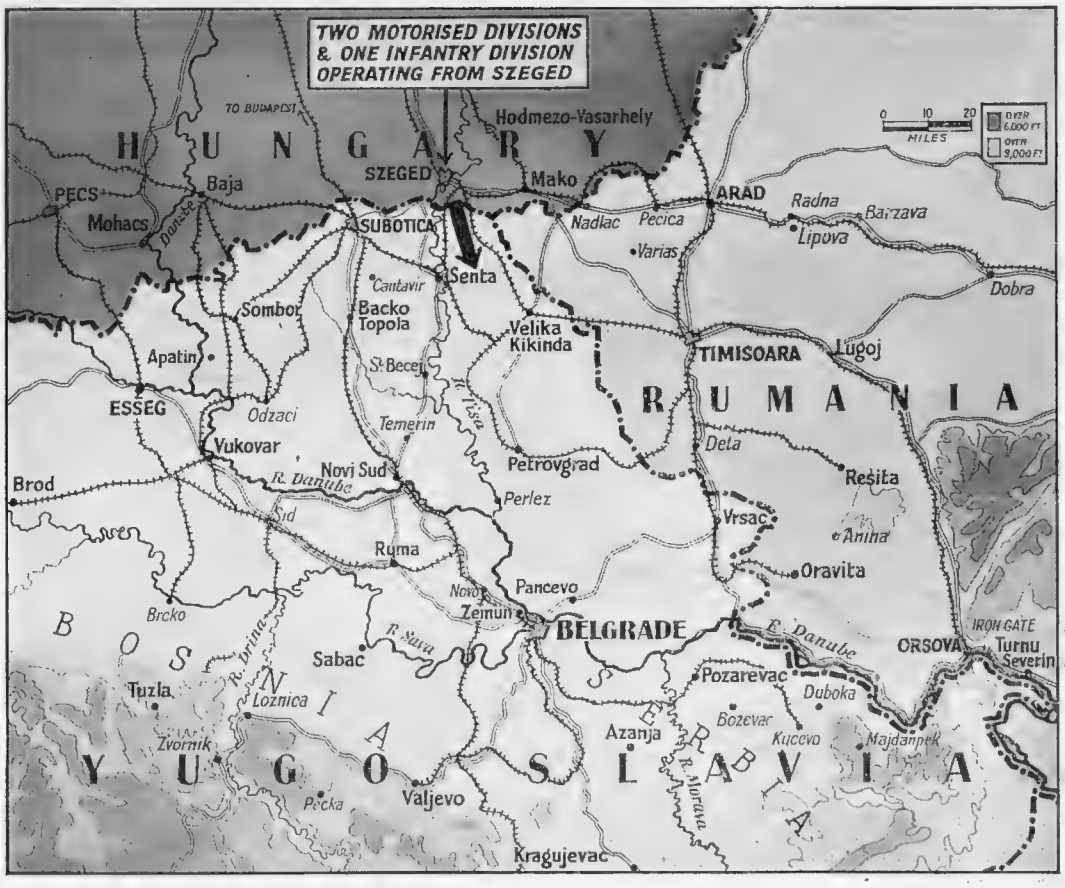
THE ATTACK ON YUGOSLAVIA FROM THE EAST : It was obvious that one of the German attacks would be launched against Zagreb, capital of Croatia. Evidently the Germans are intending to pursue their usual procedure and attempt to set up a Quisling Government in this important Yugoslav centre. If report be true, there is already a candidate in the field for the doubtful honour of Croatian Quisling. But the Yugoslav Government was aware, from the outset, that certain inroads by the enemy would be unavoidable and that retirements would have to be made in some areas



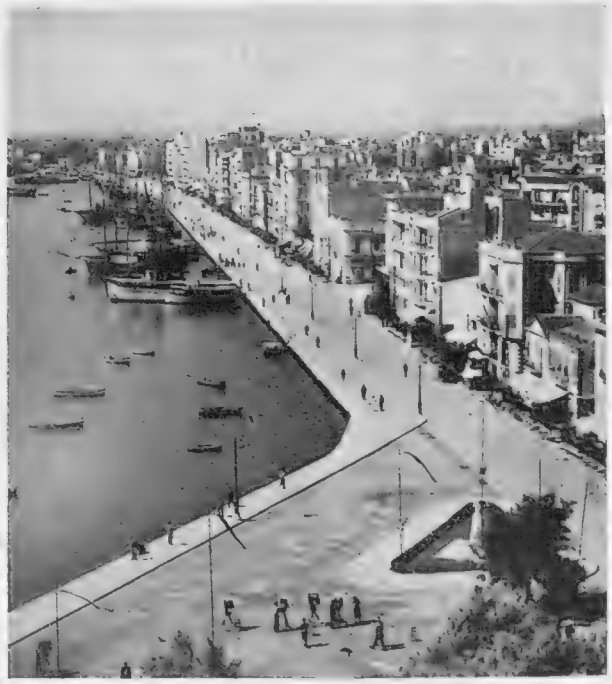
A PICTURE-DIAGRAM OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE GERMAN SPEARHEAD ADVANCED INTO GREECE

South of the main Balkan range is another chain of mountains, the Rhodope. Through this debouches the Valley of the Struma River, one of the strategic entrances to the Thracian plains and to Salonika. As expected, it is through this valley that the opening German advances into Greece were made. The Struma River is about 150 miles long: at the point depicted in our drawing it is swollen by a number of tributary streams coming in on both sides; these would normally provide good defensive positions. The hills here are low, but these too could be converted readily for the purpose of defence. The Rupel Pass itself is roughly eight miles long by six wide (at its widest point): it must "be the dream of a defending general. Foothills, giving the best of cover for guns, flank the high mountains on either side. Small cross-tributaries of the Struma, which flows midway down the Pass, provide natural barriers. The ground can be made one continuous obstacle for tanks." So writes one who knows this area well: it is probably the reason that the Germans attacked with such suddenness. Knowing how the Pass could be defended they determined to attack before the defensive plans could be completed. The Greeks were prepared for this thrust; and accordingly they announced shortly after the opening of hostilities by Germany that they were evacuating Western Thrace, the area which lies to the eastward of the Struma Valley along the Ægean Sea

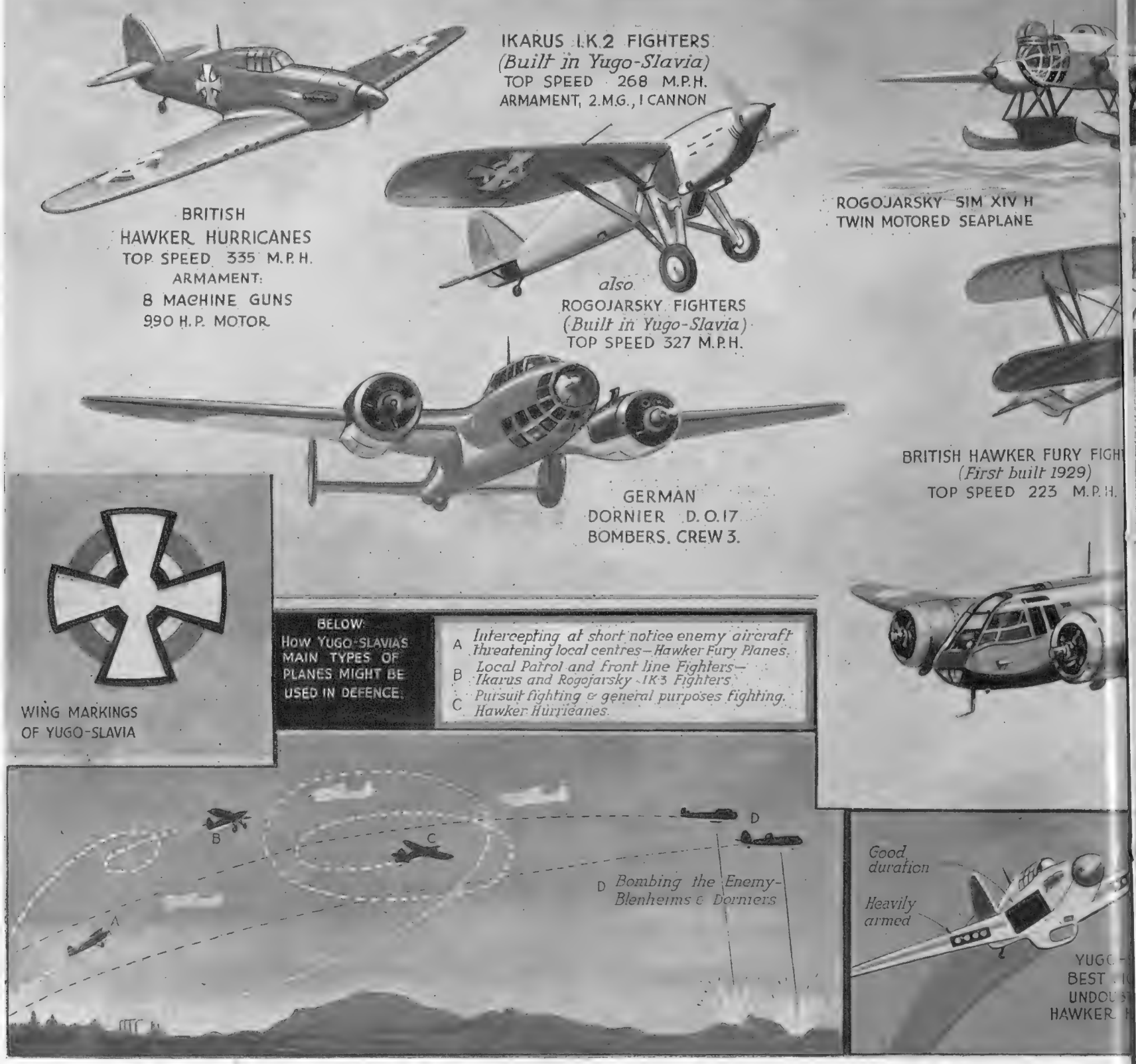
THE FAMOUS RUPEL PASS, BETWEEN BULGARIA AND GREECE: A view taken from the Seres road, showing the nature of the country traversed by the German forces during their advance into Greece. Here they made their most powerful thrust, making the utmost use of their mechanised columns and tanks against the defending forces



THE ATTACK ON YUGOSLAVIA FROM THE NORTH: In this area two motorised divisions and one infantry division are operating from Hungarian territory: their task is, of course, the capture of Belgrade across the plainlands north of the Danube. The German occupation of the capital is essential if they are to maintain control of that most important river. But let it be noted that Hungary did not join Germany in declaring war on Yugoslavia, despite that her territory was used as a jumping-off ground in the initial attacks



THE GERMAN OBJECTIVE, SALONIKA: It is the situation of this port, at the head of the Gulf of the same name, which constitutes its chief importance. Throughout the ages Salonika has been the centre of conflict: to-day the Germans hope to control events in the Eastern Mediterranean from this point, and consequently it is towards Salonika that their heaviest thrust was made. The port is a thriving, picturesque city which, within this century, has seen more than its fair share of war. From 1915 to 1918 it was the centre of a joint French and British Expedition, which eventually caused the downfall of Bulgaria and the consequent collapse of the Central Powers in November 1918



THE YUGOSLAVIAN AIR FORCE IS SMALL COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE GREAT POWERS, BUT IT IS NEVERTHELESS THE MOST CONSIDERABLE IN THE
British, German and native-built aircraft, and total some 900 aeroplanes

YUGOSLAVIA'S AIR ARM

Some Notes on the Air Force and the Aeroplane types in use

THE Air Force of Yugoslavia is the strongest in the Balkans—both in men and machines. Were it merely a question of Yugoslavs *versus* Italians, there is no doubt which would triumph—undoubtedly the Yugoslavs!

Their present Force originated from the few Serbian air units which took part in the 1914-18 War, and which were reinforced from time to time by French and Italian squadrons. (Italy, it will be remembered, was then an ally!) The French contingent consisted of one squadron under the command of Commandant Vitrat, the Italian of two commanded by the man who is now Commander-in-Chief of the Third Italian Air Fleet, General M. Agmone-Cat.

Of all the air forces of the Balkan States, the Yugoslavian is not only the strongest, but also the most up to date. Its total strength amounts to about 900 aeroplanes of all kinds, many of which are of British and German design and are similar in essentials to certain of the types in service with the R.A.F. and the *Luftwaffe*. And its personnel is undoubtedly most determined and most skilful.

Army and naval flying units are not under a unified command, but under those of their respective Services. The Army Air Arm is made up of two brigades: one has its headquarters at Bela Crkva, the other at Zagreb. The first brigade consists of the Air Regiments Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, stationed at Novisad, Skolpje, Nis, Zemum and Bela Crkva respectively. Air Regiment No. 2, which is at Sarajevo, No. 4 at Zagreb, No. 7 at Mostar, and Nos. 9 and 10, whose stations are unknown, belong to the Second Brigade. Eight of the Air Regiments are made up of seven squadrons each. The remaining two consist of six squadrons. The equipment of each Regiment includes fighters, reconnaissance and bombing machines.

The Naval Air Service is divided into three commands, stationed at Cattaro, Spalato (or Split) and Susak (on the Italian frontier), with ten squadrons, making a total of about 120 machines.

The training of the personnel, which numbers about 11,000 officers and men, is undertaken at five schools for the Army Air Arm and at two schools for the naval personnel.

All except three types of aeroplane in the Yugoslav Air Force are of foreign origin.

The three national designs are:

(1) The IKARUS IK-2—a single-seat fighter monoplane fitted with one 860-h.p. Hispano-Suiza 12Y crs 12-cylinder Vee liquid-cooled "moteur-canon"). *Dimensions:* span, 37 ft. 4 ins.; length, 25 ft. 9 ins.; height (over airscrew), 13 ft. 1 in.; wing area, 193 sq. ft. *Weights:* empty, 3,181 lb.; loaded, 4,279 lb. *Performance:* maximum speed, 269 m.p.h. at 16,600 ft. Climb to 16,400 ft. in 5 mins. 20 secs. *Armament:* one 20 mm. shell-firing gun incorporated in engine and firing through airscrew boss, and two machine-guns in fuselage and firing through disc swept by airscrew.

(2) The ROGAJARSKY R100 fighter-trainer monoplane (one 430-h.p. Gnome and Rhone K7 motor). *Weight:* loaded, 2,917 lb. *Performance:* maximum speed, 155 m.p.h. at sea-level. Climb to 16,500 ft. in 15 mins. 39 secs. Duration, 2 hrs. 15 mins.

(3) The ROGOJARSKY SIM-XIV-H three-seat reconnaissance-bomber seaplane (two 240-h.p. Argus As.10c motors). *Dimensions:* span, 49 ft. 10 ins.; length, 36 ft. 5 ins.; height, 14 ft. 8 ins.; wing area, 404 sq. ft. *Weights:* Empty, 4,400 lb.; loaded, 6,820 lb. *Performance:* No data available.

The foreign aeroplanes in service are as follows:

Fighters—Hawker Fury, with both the Kestrel XVI and Hispano motors; the Hawker Hurricane, with Rolls-Royce Merlin.

Bombers—Potez 63; Dornier Do 17, with Gnome and Rhone 14 No; Bristol Blenheim, with Mercury VIII; Caproni Ca 310 Libeccio, with P VII C16.

The largest aeronautical works is that at Novi Sad, which was originally a branch of the German Arado firm. Before the outbreak of the war it was producing Hawker Furies and Hispano-Suiza motors under licence.

The ground defence, which is also part of the Air Force, consists of at least five balloon companies and the anti-aircraft artillery. The latter comprises three regiments of two to three battalions, each of which is made up of two anti-aircraft batteries, one machine-gun, and one searchlight company, and also one of independent anti-aircraft artillery formation with three batteries. The total number of batteries amounts to about twenty-six.

THE AIR FORCE OF OUR NEW ALLY, YUGOSLAVIA

SOFIA BOMBED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AS A REPRISAL FOR THE BOMBING OF BELGRADE: A view of the Boulevard Marie Louise in Sofia, one of the principal streets of the Bulgarian capital. This city is stated to contain the headquarters of Field Marshal List who is in command of the German Forces

BALKANS: Here are the types of which it is composed—they comprise

WHAT THE GERMANS PERSIST IN CALLING "THE FORTRESS" OF BELGRADE: The Yugoslavian capital was declared an "open town." True to Teutonic principles, the Germans ignored this proclamation and launched dive-bombing attacks against what they persist in calling "the Fortress of Belgrade"

A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MOSTAR, where the aerodrome has been attacked by the Italians: This picture will give some idea of the difficulties experienced by airmen when flying over Yugoslavia. Landing grounds are not easy of approach, because of the mountainous country by which they are enclosed: and, of course, aerodromes are not too frequent in such country

A FIRST PICTURE OF MR. ANTHONY EDEN IN GREECE: The presence of the British Foreign Secretary has been most heartening to the Greeks and Yugoslavs. Here Mr. Eden is acknowledging the cheers of the crowds which greeted him in Greece. In the centre is General Papagos, Commander-in-Chief, and on the right is the Prime Minister, M. Korizis

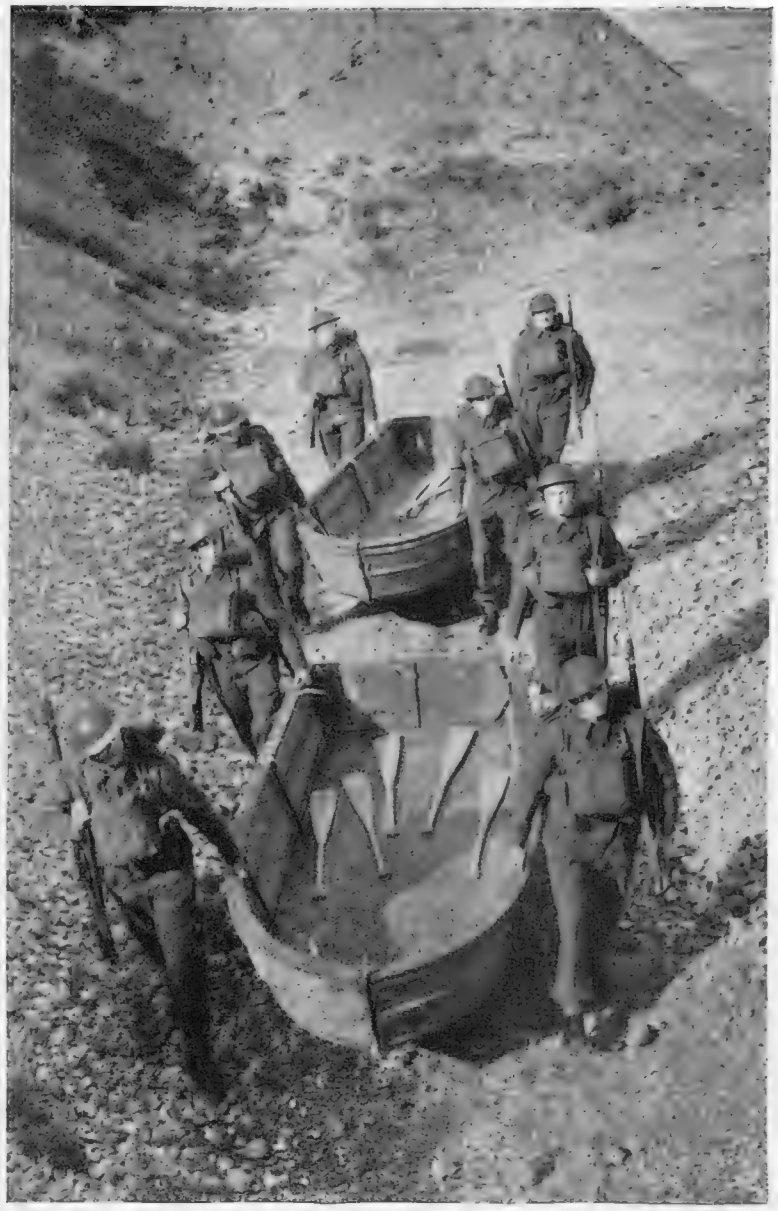
PREPARING FOR OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS ACROSS WATER

THE ARMY TAKES TO THE WATER—THE SERGEANT-MAJOR CRUISES AROUND IN HIS OWN MOTOR-BOAT: Preparing for the day when knowledge of such subjects will be necessary, a school of Bridging and Watermanship has been started by the Army in Northern Ireland. Here the troops are given instruction in the erection of temporary bridges and in the art of handling small boats. It is not difficult to visualise operations wherein a knowledge of such matters will prove of the utmost value. During the course of the day's work at the school the Sergeant-Major cruises around in this competent-looking motor-boat to dash to the rescue should any of the troops fall into the water!

A COLLAPSIBLE BOAT USED BY THE ARMY: Each of the men is wearing a lifebelt, but only a certain number are asked to act as watermen: the majority are just "passengers" until their arrival at the scene of action

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY BY WATER: The job of these men is to build bridges, but they must be prepared against every eventuality! Hence the lifebelts. The men who are undergoing instruction are quickly becoming experts: their tuition includes quite a number of different methods of bridge-building

CANADIAN SOLDIERS DURING A BRIDGE-BUILDING EXERCISE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND: The idea of collapsible rubber boats has spread from the R.A.F. to the Army. These handy craft are being used by the military for a variety of purposes. On this occasion the Canadians were using their boat in connection with bridge-building operations



THE INFANTRY CARRY OUT AN ASSAULT BY BOAT: At various infantry-training centres throughout the Army Commands troops are being given instruction in the technique of assaulting enemy forces by means of an approach from the water. In these two pictures men of the Royal Sussex Regiment are shown undergoing a course of offensive training before being posted to their battalions. *On the left* the men are crossing a river by collapsible boat: a man in the bows with a Tommy-gun keeps a sharp look out for the enemy. *Above*, the infantrymen are carrying their light boats across country. Behind them come other soldiers to protect them from surprise

A BRIDGE BUILT WITH "KAPOK" SUPPORTS BEING LAUNCHED DURING OPERATIONS IN THE EASTERN COMMAND

The old, familiar "duckboard" makes its reappearance as the main footway of this bridge; but the cross-wise supports are filled with "kapok." This buoyant substance bears quite a substantial weight and is thus ideal for bridges to be used by foot soldiers. The bridge is built up of sections which are joined together at the water's edge and floated across the stream. The Army's engineers are very expert at this sort of work; but not all the bridges they build are as light as the one depicted above, which is only intended for infantry. On occasions, and in a remarkably short space of time, they have built heavier types quite capable of carrying lorries and tanks and guns

PATHS to GLORY IN EAST AFRICA

The Re-Conquest of Abyssinia from the Italians

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BEFORE THE ITALIAN CONQUEST OF ABYSSINIA: The Emperor, Haile Selassie, accompanied by his officers of State, on the balcony of his Palace at a review of his troops. Shortly the Emperor will return in triumph

REMEMBER THE ABYSSINIAN AMAZONS OF 1935-36? During the fighting with the Italians, the then thirty-four-years Worizbo (lady) Adebath Charkose received permission to raise and command a Regiment of Women Soldiers. Here she is in the costume she designed for the campaign

NEARLY five years have passed since Mussolini bent low to receive the highest Order of the House of Savoy from its little head, who apostrophised: "As Minister of the Armed Forces you prepared, led, and won the greatest colonial war which history records." Nor was this merely an Italian opinion. Mr. Garvin was writing about the same time:

"It is a wonderful tale. The true account should help the British people to realise how they have been bamboozled and misled . . . the remnant of our sanctionists are as mistaken as before when they vociferate that the Italians owe their advantage chiefly to poison gas. The Italians owe it rather to epic road-making, unmatched in military history—to air force—to machine-guns—to mechanical transport—to consummate political direction and military leadership together—and to the prowess and endurance of the troops, both Europeans and Askaris."

Obliterated, all thought or memory of primitive Africans still armed largely with spears or swords, being mown down by artillery and machine-guns, being crushed by tanks and mangled by bombs, tortured by flame-throwers and choked and seared by yperite. It was a glorious victory and cardinals sang Te Deums.

But what I should like to know now is just where these former panegyrists would find words to qualify the campaign that has followed Mussolini's in the same quarter of Africa. The story is not just told in terms of speed: that whereas it took Badoglio seven months to reach Addis Ababa, British and Imperials stood on its doorstep after barely three months. The chief thing is that Cunningham, Platt, and other local commanders, faced a modern white army, well-found in everything, numerically superior and enjoying interior lines, long trained and acclimatised, able to dig in on alpine crags and terraces, and possessing all the doings even tanks, bombers, gas, all the pretty collection.

To paraphrase Mr. Garvin: "It is a wonderful tale. The true account should help the British people to realise that a fully renovated military weapon has been forged whose keynote is 'Zestful Co-operation of All Arms.'"

I have been trying to sort out the principal components of this renovated military condition that has so patently come about as a result of lessons deeply learnt from all the tragic slaughter of a generation ago.

The extraordinary high morale must have struck everybody, and I believe the commanders themselves would place this first—anyhow, Admiral Cunningham does, in accounting for various happenings in his sea. One got the impression that everyone wanted to have a crack at Mussolini, but also to put heart into the people of Britain, in the cockpit of the struggle. All ranks went forward as if inspired by the further idea of getting the business over at the earliest conceivable moment, in order to be free to fight in other fields. A spirit of high adventure appeared to be wedded to one of finest comradeship. And it was an army, navy and air force well chosen psychologically: South, East and West Africans, Rhodesians, Sudanese, Indians, besides crack British units and a cheering note from Free French and Belgians. All were "in their element." You felt they daily quickened to the job.

Cleanness and sureness of execution characterised every British operation, and this is the hall-mark alike of leadership and of masterly staff work born of minute application. One flogs a jaded phrase, yet successive moves *were* carried out "as if by clockwork." Like figures on the stage, the different arms took their cues. The timing of each manœuvre in relation to others in a complicated scheme never faltered. The column commanders exploited all enemy weaknesses and made irreproachable use of the country. Moreover, these leaders kept in the thick of every action. How stimulating must have been the sight of Wavell peering at Keren through his eye binoculars, trying to puzzle a way up!

The R.A.F. and South African and Rhodesian squadrons first shot more or less out of the sky and subsequently bombed and machine-gunned ahead and all around without much hindrance. Every advance saw our flyers shielding the infantry and armoured contingents roaring in the van. The combination is imperative to African victory and clearly points to what form policing will take in the future. Flyers also tipped over great quantities of leaflets. And they acted as invaluable eyes for the staff. During the Italian sprint out of their Somaliland, South African flyers dropped half-hourly maps showing exact enemy dispositions.

The enemy was given no chance to recover after each defeat. An unrelenting pursuit denied him all respite. If he stopped to unpack for a few hours, he found himself outflanked or cut off. "Hit them hard, and hit them again!" enjoined Cunningham, Junior, and that was how it was through ninety, a hundred days, which we knew would be favoured by the only decent campaigning weather. Speed ruled the day and the night. The Italians weren't so much bustled as hurtled back by fiercest thrusting that never let up in one region or another. The mobility of our mechanised formations dumbfounded them. Their widespread demolition of their own splendid tarmac roads sometimes delayed, but never seriously impinged on our converging advances.

Then there was that blessed newcomer, real co-operation. All concerned, from specialised troops to native levies, "played ball." Obstructive "functioning" didn't have a chance to mar things If somebody wanted something done and could state a case by telephone or wireless, the result was that that thing was done *ek dum*. A fair example was the Royal Indian Navy's dash into co-operative action with the re-taking of Berbera from the sea, thereby opening up a vital base in the immediate rear of Cunningham's columns advancing on Harar, and Diredawa.

Obviously, too, our Intelligence side must have been very sound. This branch vindicates itself best when no regrettable surprises have to be signalled, when every slip on the part of one's opponent is at once seized upon. Nothing promotes the diddling and outwitting of an enemy more surely than sound Intelligence work. Allenby relied greatly on it and his prize pupil does no less. The guerilla fighters of the Patriot Movement must have enhanced our knowledge of the enemy and his intentions, for they were always behind him, or watching him.

Operating chiefly in the west and south-west, the Patriots constituted a powerful weapon. Coached to ambush and ensnare, to mine and destroy, to heave

DECORATED FOR BRAVERY ON THE FIELD! A scene which has not been re-enacted by the Italians during the present campaign. Unless they award medals for the fleetest runners, Italian expenditure on medals in the present Abyssinian campaign will be very slight!

THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD AGAINST THE ITALIANS IN 1936: These men were part of Ras Nasibu's army in South Abyssinia: they were crushed by Marshal Graziani, "the Butcher," who later distinguished himself in Libya

THE ITALIAN ARMY OF CONQUEST IN 1935: Co-operating with aircraft during the Abyssinian campaign. It will be remembered that the Italians employed bombers, gas, and fighter aircraft. The Abyssinian Air Force consisted of two aeroplanes!

THE ITALIANS AT HOME READ THE NEWS : A picture taken in April 1936, showing Italian citizens of Milan reading special editions of their newspapers reporting the defeat of the Emperor and the acquisition of their new gimcrack "Empire"

THE MONUMENT AT ADOWA : Erected by the victorious Italians in 1936, to mark the spot where they suffered such a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Abyssinians in 1896. On the right is General Santini, who captured Adigrat for Italy in 1935 : he was a lieutenant in 1896, and saw the Italian flag hauled down at Adowa. In 1935 he saw it hauled up again : if he is still alive to-day he saw it hauled down once again—this time by British forces, who occupied Adowa a few days ago

boulders and burn encampments, to cut communications and wreck transport, and always to snipe, snipe, their mostly unseen but always felt presence put the breeze vertically up the "Eye-ties" who, heavily laden of conscience, ever drew inwards without halt. These men of the Negus, of various tribes none too well disposed one to the other, were handled by British and Imperial officers and N.C.O.s who must have entered zestfully into their Lawrentian enterprise. Native goodwill was their stand-by. "Here are white men," said the Abyssinians, "who are giving us back our country!"

Turn next to efficiency—to what lies behind the triumph of skill over numbers. For efficiency, you must have thoroughness, and one takes as typical an incident that preceded the final attack on Keren. The evening before, South African and Rhodesian flyers were lorried to the front and shown a large-scale relief map fashioned out of sand. "It was a wonderful thing, that sand map. The front of the towering crags up which our troops would have to fight all the way was laid out under a screen of camel thorn bushes. The General said: 'Without the help of you fellows in the air we cannot hope to carry out our plan of campaign.' Came the dawn, and the bombing accuracy on those crags blasted paths for our rock-climbing infantry."

Stratagem and resource clearly played a big part, else we could not have unfalteringly succeeded with operations, some of which the Italians wrote off in advance as impossible of accomplishment. The passage of the Juba River was a case in point. With perpetual surprise as their aim, the High Command never let a chance go by in its pursuit of novelty and the unorthodox. Take those "free lances of the desert," otherwise R.A.F. armoured cars, whose full missions yet remain shrouded in secrecy. All we know is that they scoured a huge, uncharted wilderness and that their orders were not solely concerned with keeping their eyes skinned for stranded or casualty air crews. "Buzzards and gazelle," we are told, "often formed the menu of the 'free lances' when on extended cruises." "Immediate normalisation of the country" having been the watchword, that may have figured among their missions in conjunction with the rapid work of Political Intelligence Officers. Carried by air, these had a second task in the quelling or rescuing of Italian settlers in distant corners. On one occasion two men took over from the Italians an area the size of Wales. They were then 400 miles from their nearest lines of communication. But at other times more than a couple of men were required, so airborne troops were flown far into the hinterland.

Those at home who profoundly believe that the many excellent efforts being put forth under the sign of propaganda should be welded into one solid instrument of political warfare for aiming behind the Nazi lines in occupied countries, and also straight at the Nazis themselves, those who believe that the political warfare weapon if properly devised could rightfully take its place in a war like this, beside the existing three Forces of the Crown, and tellingly help these by so doing, will get a "kick" from what happened with propaganda before Keren.

TEACHING THE ETHIOPIAN : The first traffic sign, introduced by the Italians on the Mareb-Adowa road. It was not long before the conquerors had imposed their methods on the ignorant Abyssinians

It was prepared on the spot by "live" journalists who, by the nature of their past jobs, knew roughly what was working in Italian minds "opposite." Material was kept hot to the minute. It narrated a steady, factful tale of Italian defeat by land, sea and air. It gave figures and names. It never told lies. Nor did it abuse Mussolini or anybody else. Nor engage on ideological controversy. It did hammer home the hopelessness of going on with a war which never should have been begun, and the five loud-speakers close up to Keren heights, and connected back to "Broadcasting House" in a native grass hut, drew a steady stream of deserters that sometimes rose to a hundred in a day.

In the same quarter half-a-million leaflets were dropped in one week—and they were not leaflets begotten by "research students" researching thousands of miles away. They were "stop-press" affairs of firm local "actuality," and they were turned out by printing presses at Field Headquarters.

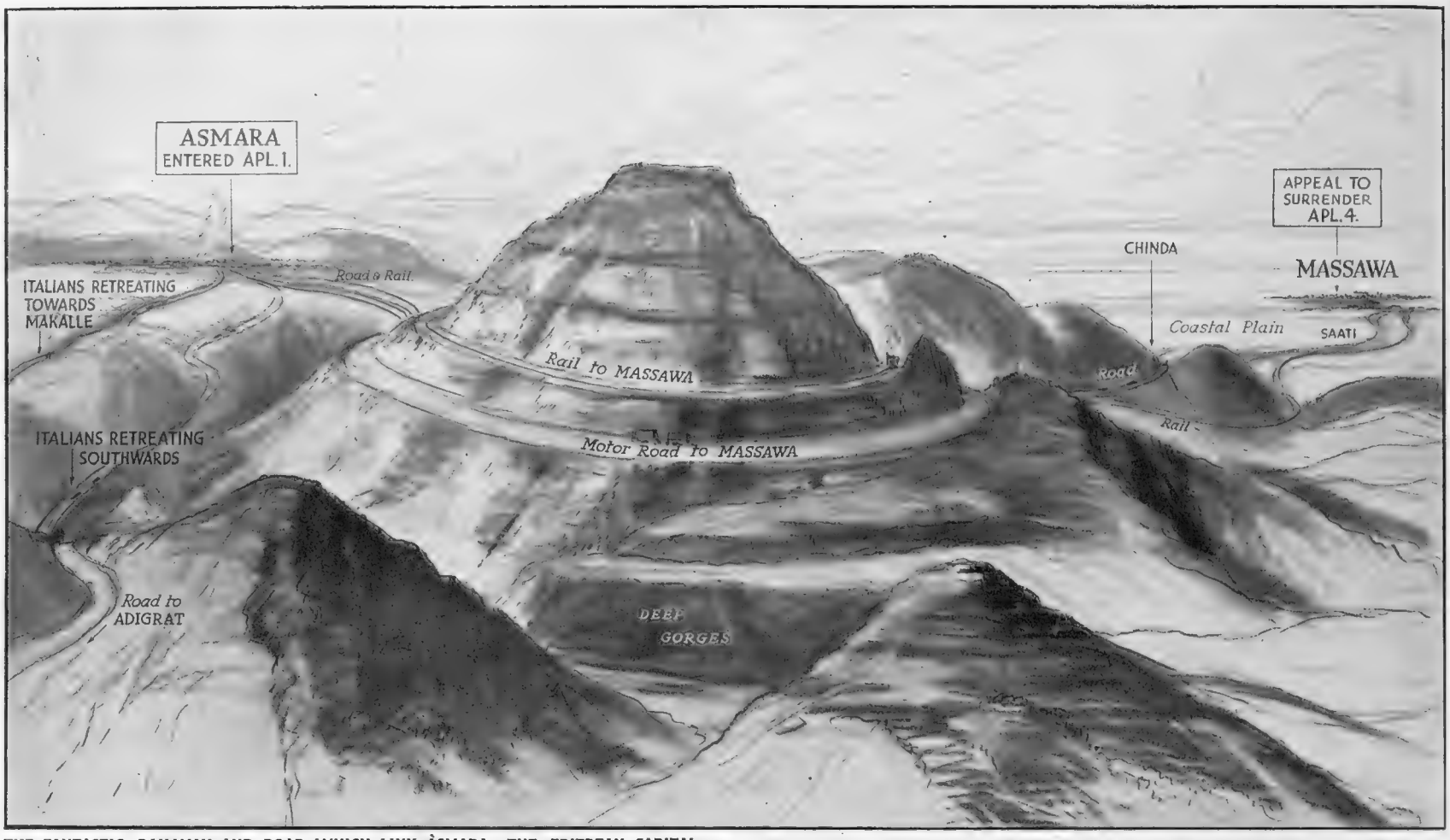
Yet, if affairs of the mind exercise a fascination, affairs of the stomach, and of the means to fight, are more important. They may be dull to the civilian. They are capital for the soldier. Well, supplies seem never to have failed in East Africa and Ethiopia. Every getatable goat-track was used. When even these did not exist, the Air Force obliged by staging what became known as "the grocery round": dropping tinned stuff from not more than 50 ft., under the noses of Italian gun-crews. Dropped from any higher the parcels would probably have broken.

But when one says that supplies seem never to have failed, the reference is primarily to the vast and complex munitions, fuel, and mechanisation problem that was re-set every twenty-four hours as columns leapt forty, sixty, a hundred miles forward. In his recently published lectures, General Wavell used the term "logistics" for this basic side of modern war, and I think he pointed out that unless you first got your "logistics" right, you had precious little hope of bringing off anything worth while in the field.

We are well aware that "Africa is not Europe" and that we cannot expect anything like a repetition of the above "components" against mighty German forces stretched across Europe, gorged with supplies, and dug in at all the formidable places. Nevertheless, these last three months in East Africa have put up a military story, analysis of which can only knit more firmly together, and inspire, our forces in any other theatre.

AFTER THE CONQUEST OF ABYSSINIA : Italian "culture" for the youngsters— "The Imperialist colonisation fever which has grasped the Italy of Il Duce, expresses itself vigorously in the modernisation efforts of their occupation in Abyssinia. . . . Native youngsters are enlisted in the Balilla and are dressed and fed by the State. They drill, learn reading and writing and arithmetic—learning to count by signs"

MARSHAL GRAZIANI, greeting Italian troops on their arrival at Mogadishu in March 1936. He is more genially known as "The Butcher," and is now in well-deserved retirement in Italy



THE FANTASTIC RAILWAY AND ROAD WHICH LINK ASMARA, THE ERITREAN CAPITAL, WITH MASSAWA, THE PORT : The rail and road routes along which Italian troops had been fleeing last week in the direction of Massawa descend through some of the most stupendous scenery in the whole of Africa. In 75 miles the railway drops 7,500 ft. to the arid coastal plain, on the edge of which lies the furnace-hot port of Massawa. The trip takes about 3½ hours, with stops every quarter of an hour at some station or halt where a guard guards nothing in particular. The arid desolation of the scene at the higher levels is almost unbelievable. The Italians, at the time of writing, were reported to be retreating southwards towards Adigrat and Dessie, also through weird country, consisting of giant bowls in which pinnacles of rock stand up in strange isolation

MASSAWA QUAYSIDES WERE BUSY PLACES IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE CUNNINGHAM CAMPAIGN : Massawa often indulges in a heat of 160 deg.; 140 deg. is the usual August temperature in the shade in the daytime. During the Italian occupation it had become a busy place, for it was the port for the whole of Eritrea which has never been self-supporting from the European view-point

GONDAR, TO WHICH A SUDANESE-IMPERIAL AND PATRIOT COLUMN HAS BEEN ADVANCING : Amid all the hurly-burly of the major fighting on other fronts, this column, setting out from the Sudanese frontier, has been pressing forward across a difficult terrain into the bend of the Blue Nile. The enemy has been steadily giving ground, although the advance has not been at the dazzling pace characteristic of the other lines of attack. Around Gondar live some 50,000 Fallashas, a little-known race of black Jews

THE RAIL FROM MASSAWA CLIMBS ROUND THE DIZZIEST BENDS ON ITS NERVE-RACKING JOURNEY TO ASMARA : The railway to the Eritrean capital is traversed by both steam and electric trains. It climbs round peaks, clothed with bush scrub in parts and flanked by bare and sinister-looking mountain sides in others. Road and railway keep close company during part of the climb. There are sheer drops of 400 to 500 ft. alongside the railway track on many parts of the route. Apart from the road systems, which are good, this railway is the only means of communication in Italy's Eritrean colony, which is the oldest possessed by that country. The existence of Asmara, the capital, depends on the proper functioning of this railway line. At Massawa Italy's now shattered "Red Sea Fleet" was formerly based

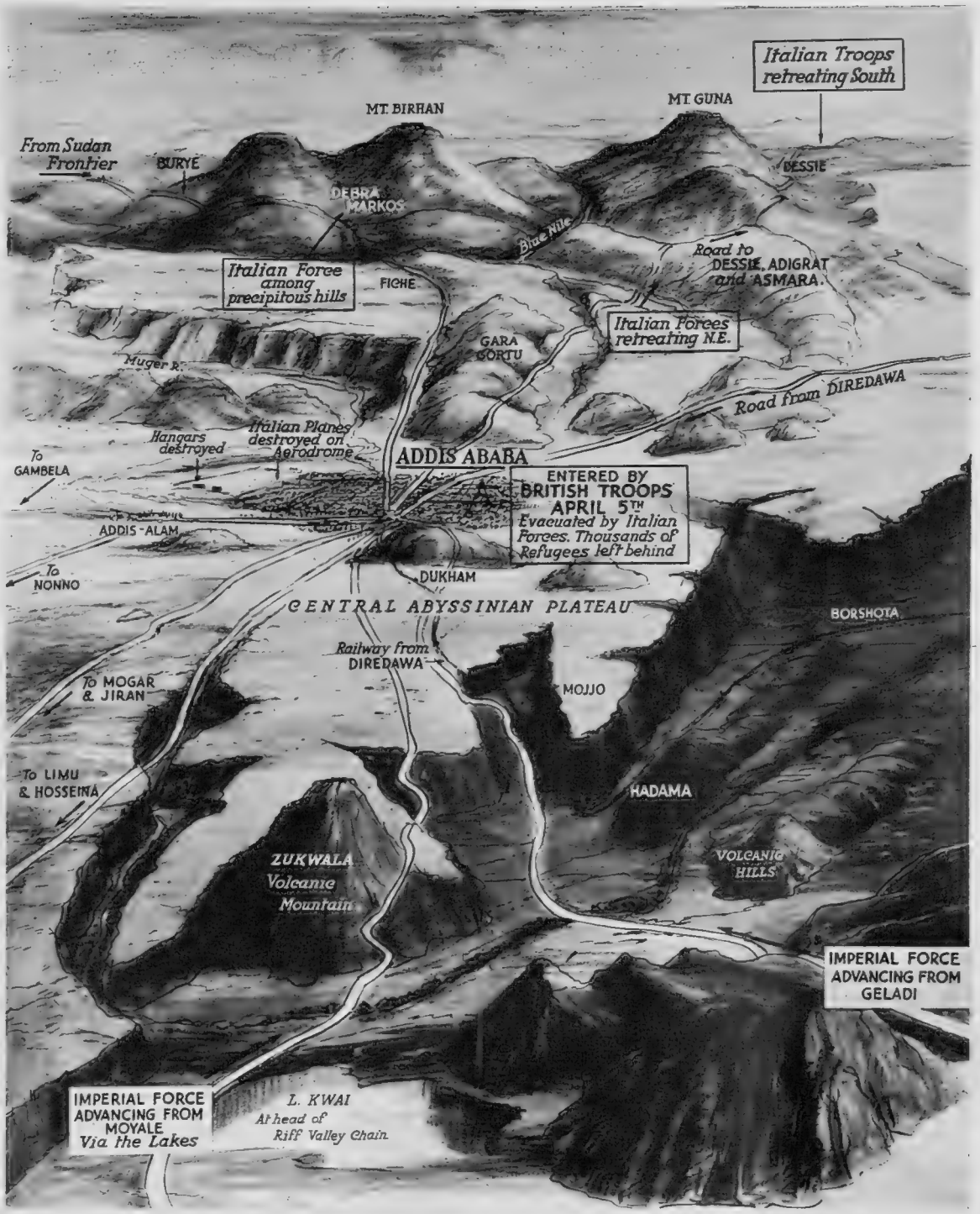
NEARING THE END IN ABYSSINIA

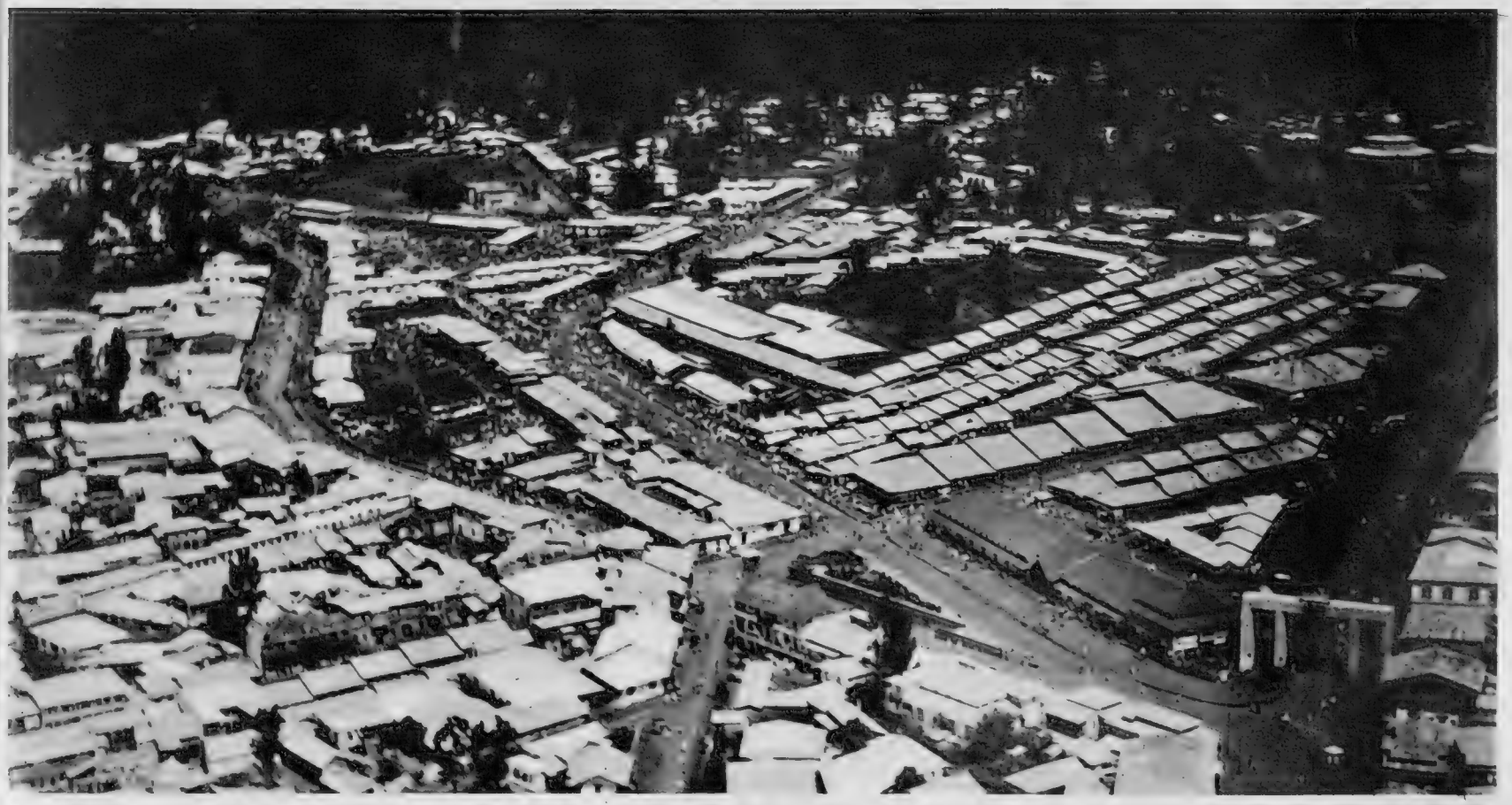
The Capture of Addis Ababa and the Advance on Massawa

ADDIS ABABA IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST CAPITAL CITIES IN THE WORLD : This overhead view of Addis Ababa shows one of the rare spaces clear of plane-trees. In the foreground and middle distance are the Palace enclosures. Beyond are the Palace buildings and to the right the mausoleum of the Emperor Menelik II

On right—
The situation had, prior to the arrival of the British mechanised columns on April 5, been growing more and more tense. Native celebrations of Allied victories on the night of April 4 might have led to serious happenings. Fortunately, a British armoured column was in a position to push on from the Awash district and reach the capital on April 6. The view shows the position of the capital as seen from the south, where the road from Mogadishu and the railway from Diredawa climb side by side on to the high ground of the central plateau. The Duke of Aosta, who evacuated the city, was thought to be retreating on one of the northerly roads. He would then meet the troops coming south from Asmara, or by the road through Fiche he would join up with General Bartini's forces coming south

THE BRITISH LEGATION IN THE ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL : Foreign representatives were not welcome during the annexation period, and up to the outbreak of war Italian Ethiopia had been practically a closed book to Europeans.





THE CENTRE OF THE ETHIOPIAN CITY OF ADDIS ABABA, CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR

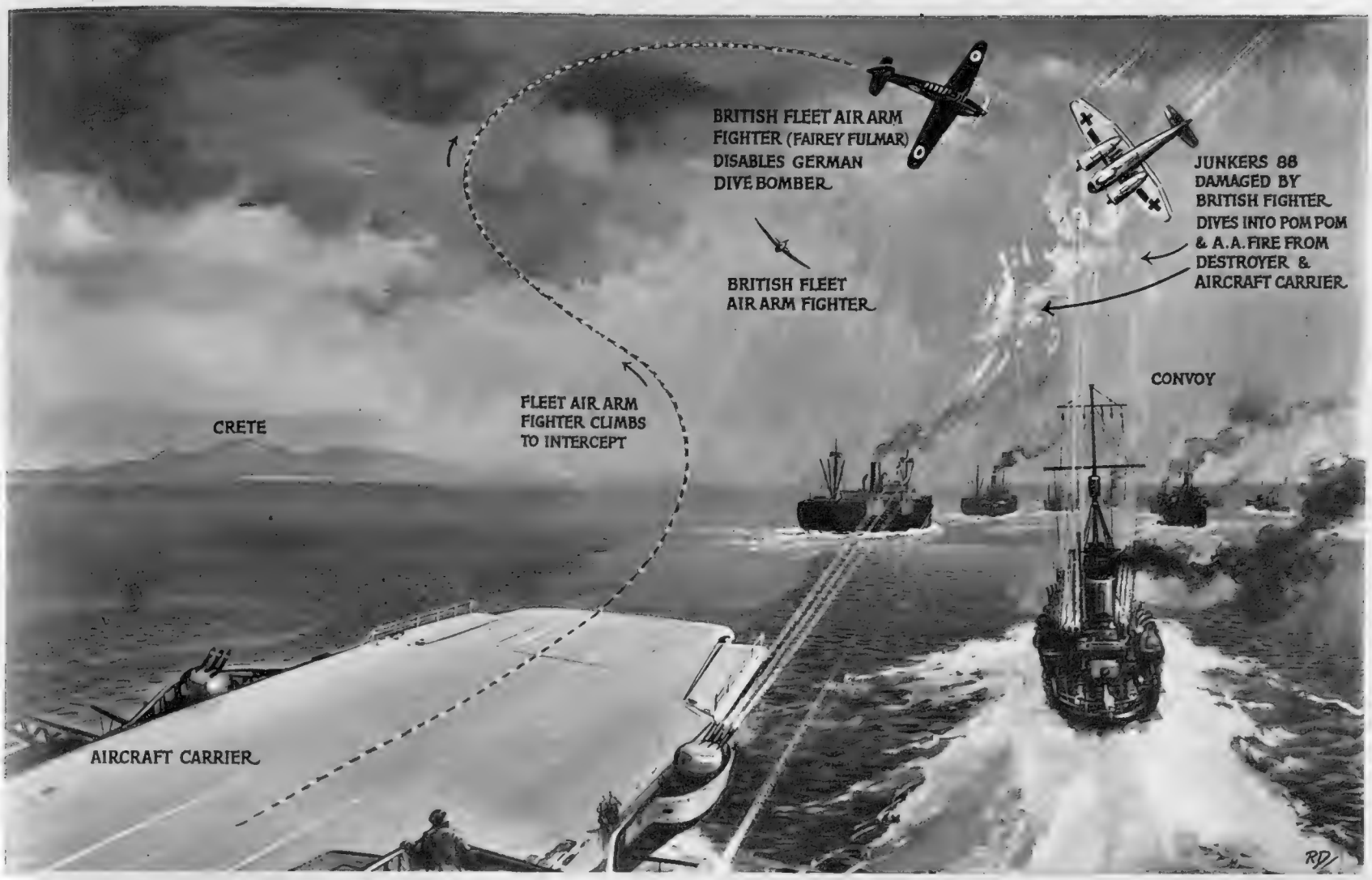
The corrugated iron roofs of Addis Ababa glow with heat in the noonday sun and gleam white in the extraordinarily clear moonlight of the very cold nights. The contrasts of temperature make pneumonia prevalent. The Italians, after their first terrifying entry into Addis Ababa in 1936, cleaned up the city in many ways. Good surfaced roads now run through the city, and pavements and even tree-lined avenues with the inevitable archways have appeared in the neighbourhood of the older thoroughfares. New stone buildings erected by the proud Italians stand side by side with native huts ; and in the streets varied races are to be seen—the proud Amharic mixing with the more numerous Galla

THE AIR COUNCIL IN SESSION AT THE AIR MINISTRY: A NEW OFFICIAL PICTURE JUST TAKEN IN WHITEHALL

Seated round the table from left to right are the following Members of the Council—Sir Harold G. Howitt, D.S.O., M.C., F.C.A. (Additional Member); Air Marshal Sir Christopher L. Courtney, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (Air Member for Supply and Organisation); Air Marshal Sir P. Babington, C.B., M.C., A.F.C. (Air Member for Personnel); Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., M.P. (Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Air; and Vice-President of the Air Council); the Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., P.C., C.M.G., M.P. (Secretary of State for Air; and President of the Air Council); Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles F. A. Portal, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. (Chief of the Air Staff); Sir Arthur Street, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., C.I.E., M.C. (Permanent Under Secretary of State for Air); Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfred R. Freeman, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. (Vice-Chief of the Air Staff); and Air Marshal A. G. R. Garrod, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C. (Air Member for Training)

THIS IS THE BEST AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH YET PUBLISHED BY THE AIR MINISTRY: IT COMES FROM EAST AFRICA AND SHOWS THE BOMBING OF ASMARA ON FEBRUARY 19

This picture from the Middle East Command of the R.A.F. must, from the clarity of the detail shown, have been taken from a remarkably low level. It shows how the aircraft of the R.A.F. contributed to the taking of the Eritrean capital by their bombing operations on buildings and hangars, causing much damage to the aerodrome at Asmara, and obviously grounding the Italian aeroplanes, which should have been in the air on reconnaissance in support of the land forces. The following is a key to the picture: 2—Hangars, with large holes in the roof; 3—Demolished buildings; 4—Damaged hangars; 5—Large devastated area, with buildings completely demolished; 6—Damaged motor transport buildings; 7—Bombs actually bursting; 8—Aircraft on fire



Above—

SHOOTING DOWN "SPOTTERS" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"Three times on this voyage," writes a correspondent with the Fleet in the Mediterranean, "German reconnaissance planes, taking a quick look at the fleet engaged in making a 'routine sweep' of the Mediterranean and escorting ships, tried to get home to bring bomber reinforcements. But pilots of the Fleet Air Arm took off from the aircraft-carrier and shot down one and damaged two others, which were possibly brought down. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers and aircraft-carriers escorted convoys within easy range of Goering's Luftwaffe bases, but no enemy formations put in an appearance. The fact that no Italian planes have been sighted during this third broad week-long swing across the Mediterranean suggests that Mussolini is allowing the Germans to run the air war as everything else belonging to Italy"

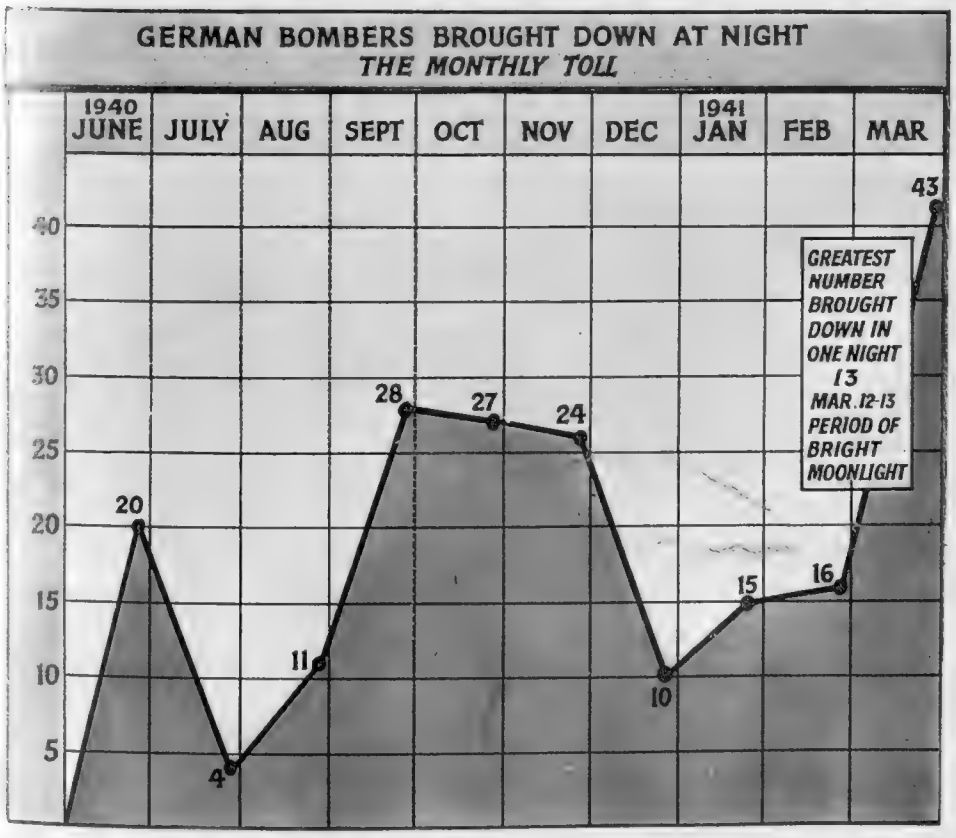
On right—

TWO ENEMY PLANES BROUGHT DOWN WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Here is one of the strangest stories of the war—the story of the only fighter pilot in the R.A.F. or in any air force in the world, who has brought down two enemy machines at the same time without firing a shot. At the time, he was a member of a famous North of England auxiliary squadron, and with his fellow pilots he went up to fight off a big daylight raid heading for Southampton. "Owing to the position of my Hurricane and that of another machine of my squadron," the pilot said, "the usual break-away was impossible and before other avoiding action could be taken I crashed into a Dornier 215 with my right wing. The wings of both planes broke up." The Hurricane pilot then crashed another Dornier 215 on his left with his left wing. "I then went into a rocket (wingless) dive," his report says. With wings shorn off the Hurricane went down like a spent rocket, and as it fell the pilot made a parachute landing

The WAR in the AIR

New Photographs; and Some Special "Sphere" Drawings



THE PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NIGHT FIGHTER SHOWN IN DIAGRAM FORM: It would appear as if our night fighters are at last finding methods of checking the bombers: even if we leave out the successes of the last week or two and confine ourselves only to the official published figures up to the end of March, these are sufficiently striking. It must be borne in mind that the diagram above only includes successes by *fighters* and does *not* include further successes scored during this period by anti-aircraft or other defences—although these methods, too, have proved very successful in the period under review

"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY and YOUR AMMUNITION GREASY"

A Note on the Proper Care of Essential Things

By DONALD COWIE

THE first part of the old military saw about "keeping your powder dry and your ammunition greasy" no longer applies in these days of shells and T.N.T., but it is still very necessary to observe the second part. If anything, lubrication of cartridge and shell is more important than it has ever been. Machine-guns—and all types of ordnance are gradually conforming to this type—rely for efficiency upon smooth, unhampered action. Naval machine-guns are particularly vulnerable here.

Take the case of those multiple pom-poms which are our warships' chief protection against air attack. They are nothing more than giant extensions of Maxim's principle. Or perhaps one should say, Gatling's, since they descend directly from the earliest type of automatic weapon—which was little more than several rifles lashed together. Well, they deliver a withering, continuous fire from several barrels at once, working just like an inverted sausage machine, with strings of bullets like sausages going in rather than out. The snag should be readily apparent. How they must be liable to jam!

WHILST AT SEA, SALT WATER IS LIKELY TO GET INTO POM-POM AMMUNITION. THE SHELLS HAVE TO BE TAKEN OUT FREQUENTLY AND RE-GREASED

WHEN THE POM-POM SHELLS ARE BEING RE-STACKED, IT IS NECESSARY TO BRUSH THEM WITH FINE GREASE TO AID IN RAPID ACTION

Actually, jamming is an infrequent occurrence with the newest and best naval pom-poms, but only at the cost of unremitting effort on the part of the gun crews. Imagine the conditions on, say, those sturdy little destroyers which bear the brunt of so much air attack. These ships are built for speed and efficiency, not comfort, with the result that men must often rush to action stations across decks awash with the overflow from towering seas. And ammunition must be kept stored in readiness out in the open, beside the ever-hungry guns.

To begin with, they do their best with tarpaulins of waterproof canvas, lashed down with that art of which only the British Jack Tar is the complete master. Then they have their own cunning methods of stacking the belts of shells and cartridges, so that sudden movements of the ship do not throw them apart, and so that the minimum of spray and water can penetrate.

But that is not enough. The tarpaulins have to be thrown aside at a moment's notice, whatever the weather; in any case, sea-spray and the salt atmosphere have a way of penetrating into the most cunning stowage. It is a fact that if the ammunition be left untended for only a short period it will be unusable. The shells for these quick-firing guns have to be made of

(Continued below on left)

A GUNNER WITH HIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE-GUN AMMUNITION ABOARD A DESTROYER IN THE NORTH SEA

THE POM-POM CREW ON A DESTROYER REPLENISHING THE FEEDERS WITH FRESH CLIPS OF SHELLS, ALL READY GREASED FOR ACTION

(Continued from above on right)

special metals, because wear inside the barrels becomes so much greater at high temperatures. They have to be perfectly smooth, exactly true, or they will jam.

This also applies to the metal, hinged, and sometimes canvas-backed belts that hold the cartridges. Upon the easy movement of those myriad hinges may depend the life of the ship herself, not to mention the fate of another plane. Smooth lubrication is essential, moreover, if the ejection mechanism is to work properly, whether by compressed air from the force of the recoil, or by gas.

So gun crews get busy with a paint brush or swab and a tin of grease whenever they have a spare moment. Even here, however, it is no use applying the thick mutton fat of our grandfathers' day. A specially-prepared lubricant must be used, not too thick, not too thin—but essentially on the fine side. It is semi-transparent, and spreads easily, while it is not susceptible to atmospheric changes.

Thus it will be appreciated that even such a detail as the greasing of ammunition requires careful attention in these days of mechanised war. Oil is the life-blood of modern Mars.

PREPARING AMMUNITION FOR THE SMALLER MACHINE-GUNS ON BOARD AN ESCORT VESSEL ON THE EAST COAST

PEOPLE in the NEWS TO-DAY

MRS. CHURCHILL WEARS HER "INSPIRATION SCARF": When she presented a mobile "Club" (the gift of the Y.W.C.A.) to girls who work with anti-aircraft units, Mrs. Churchill wore a scarf bearing printed mottoes and inspiring sentences—many of them spoken by her husband, the Prime Minister. Amongst them is the most famous of all—"Never before in the whole field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few."

THE KING AND THE "INVISIBLE MAN": This amusing picture was taken during a recent visit of inspection made by the King of various units in the Southern Command. Beneath the netting is a soldier, completely equipped for modern warfare, yet concealed during operations in the field from the enemy's eyes. We think our readers will agree that the soldier's camouflage is *most* effective!

THE TWO YUGOSLAV PRINCES BUILD AN "OBSERVATION POST": The Princes Tomislav and Andrej are younger brothers of King Peter of Yugoslavia: they are at present at a preparatory school in Surrey, although their mother, Queen Marie (who is also in England), has spoken of taking them back to Yugoslavia shortly. Recent events in that country must have caused a change in her plans, however. Whilst in this country, the two brothers have built an observation post in the garden of the house where they are spending their Easter holidays: this post is equipped with electric light and other conveniences, and is intended for spotting for parachute troops who might land near by. King Peter was himself educated at the same school where his brothers are now receiving their preliminary education

THE DUKE AND HIS GAS-MASK: In accordance with the recent advice given out by the Ministry of Home Security, the Duke of Kent has been amongst those who have had their gas-masks examined and tested. The Duke wears a Service mask, as he is serving as a Group Captain in the R.A.F.

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Verbal Atrocities; The "Romance" of War; The Early Bird; A Note on Sherlock Holmes; This Island Fortress

"CONTACTED."—Yes, indeed. The word should be hung, drawn and quartered by the public hangman and buried at the cross-roads with other war atrocities of its kidney which had their horrid hour in past times of trouble.

The last World War gave us *em-bus, de-bus* and *de-louse,* and turned *function* into a verb. It is the Army always which offends the worst. The Higher Command and staffs of our Army, in this war as in the last, have banished many of the "last infirmities" of their "noble minds." But, while they daily improve in military efficiency, organisation and science, and are even beginning to recognise the value of checking gross instances of waste of money, foodstuffs and petrol, there remain as always two obstinate and almost ineradicable failings in the brass hat's mind. His terror of the letters "M.P." and his extraordinary dread of what the politician can achieve in criticism of him; and, secondly, his passion for new, ugly, clumsily-coined words.

The reason for this passion is the same which actuates "live-wire" business men to copy their American counterparts and to say "Yep" and "O.K.", and to hang up slogans, such as "Get to it," "Do it now," "Get on or get out"—in a word, to give to all comers an impression of smartness, decision, snap . . .

There is still so much economy in many spheres which the Army could usefully, and should urgently, tackle—and one of them, no doubt, is the unnecessary pouring-out of words. But, as one who has made writing his profession, I give my humble view that that economy should be first applied to the words already admitted to our vocabulary.

"Love Among the Ruins."—Watching some children playing in big new bomb-craters in this remote area, joyously leaping down into the soft sand and gleefully climbing out, I forced back the insistent and obvious reflection on the imbecility of wars in general, and exercised my mind rather in recalling some of the things which poets and writers in the past have said about the futility of war, in days when its futility was obvious to a smaller percentage of the peoples engaged. I thought of Old Kaspar, and of little Peterkin; and of Doctor Watson.

"You are right, Watson," said Holmes (who had been quietly reading the Doctor's silent train of thought in the Baker Street room), "it *is* an absurd way of settling a dispute."

Then I misquoted from memory Stevenson's—

> "I travelled in the print of olden wars
> Yet all the land was green
> And love we found and peace
> Where fire and war had been . . .
> And oh! how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield!"

Then I looked up at the downs, and saw shadowed out in the spring sunset the lines of an old Roman Vallum. From the top of the camp (I knew) I could see the outline of an old martello tower. In a church in the weald, not far away, was preserved a fragment of a blade found in the skull of a warrior of the Wars of the Roses. There is something very romantic about that blade; we regard it as a work of art.

There, in jumbled chronological order, were a half-dozen fresh or faded "documents in the case" of human insanity, visible reminders, covering 2,000 years of history, of man's "absurd way of settling a dispute." In a sweeping condemnation of war as sheer insanity, one might, I suppose, lump all those documents under one heading, and curse men's obtuseness in failing to read the grim lessons which those relics for ever preach.

But in point of fact they are very different in their implications and in the lessons they teach, or should teach. Indeed, they have only one thing in common: Time's hand acts upon them alike. It emasculates the power of their teaching and paints them in the soft, false colours of romance. *There is no romance about war at the time when it is being fought.*

The Roman Emperors wanted Britain and bathed that island in blood to achieve their purpose, which had no military permanence. The Yorkist and Lancastrians were waging a private political quarrel which involved the lives and property and peace of thousands of ignorant peasants, and settled nothing which negotiation, logic and restraint could not have settled round a table. Napoleon lusted to sack London and conquer England, and our martello tower is a monument to his failure in the face of our united and noble effort to remain free.

Dr. Watson's "old wound" was gotten (as far as I remember) in a doubtfully moral episode in the creation of the British Empire. And those new bomb-craters—with which the hand of Time has not yet got to work to replace the crude daubs of blast with the soft colour of romance-are a monument, as the martello tower is, not so much to human imbecility as to British courage, honour, justice and morality.

The lesson which is common to all, and which each and all should teach, is that war is folly, and that resistance to war and aggression is usually noble, right and logically sound.

FISHERMEN BRAVE THE WARTIME SEAS: A SCENE AT THE FISH DOCK DURING UNLOADING: Equally with their mates who are now hunting submarines and mines in armed trawlers and minesweepers and other auxiliary craft of the Royal Navy, the Fishermen of Britain are playing their part. Their calling, always hard and hazardous, now lays them open to attack from sea and air and from drifting mine. But they are carrying on, bringing in their silver harvests to swell the war larders: and their catches are eagerly bought up as soon as they return

BUYERS AT THE FISH DOCK CROWD ROUND THE AUCTIONEER FOR THE SALE OF A CATCH OF COD FROM ICELAND

How do You Spell it?—A recent "leader" in *The Times* concerning faulty spelling among eminent men brought a vivid sense of guilt to at least one not-eminent man. This was indeed a rash issue for *me* to raise. For, I confess, I myself cannot spell for toffee (or is it *toffy*?). These reflections came to me after reading that charming and amusing "leader."

1. Until "the other day," spelling correctly was not regarded either as a necessity or as a criterion of education. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century giants and bigwigs did not consider spelling as worth a thought. They governed England and spelt the simplest words in two or three ways in a single memorandum or letter.

2. To spell correctly is not a matter of erudition or education. It depends on the natural gift of a musical ear and perhaps of an accurate, observant eye. It has nothing whatever to do with intellectual or educational standards.

3. About twenty years ago I was staying a week-end in a great Conservative country house. In the party were Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, a learned bishop, an ex-Minister of Education and a literary lion. The parlour game chosen for our entertainment one night was a long "dictation" of spelling-twister words, which began: "A harassed pedlar, embarrassed by unparalleled ostracism, was peddling scissors on a pedal bicycle . . ."

I clearly remember that the winner was convicted of no fewer than six mistakes in a passage of not more than 150 words. A great man's blotting-paper could a tale unfold of human frailty, if frailty this irrelevance or triviality can be called. After all, if you can make yourself understood, what matter the means? The vital thing is to make yourself understood—a thing which the perfect speller and the very eminent man too often fail to do.

The Death of Holmes.—*The Times* is always good on Sherlock Holmes, and all Bakerites must have enjoyed the notice of the fiftieth anniversary of his death—even if it proved in fact premature by two months. Several years ago I made reference in print to the falling-off in interest in his "posthumous" adventures—in particular those collected under the title, *His Last Bow.* I was very polite about it (for the author was still alive), and I put down my lukewarm reactions to advancing age and other personal failings on my part.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle saw my reference, and instantly took up the cudgels for Holmes *redivivus.* He assured me unequivocally that in his view the *Lion's Mane*—a "posthumous" number—was the best of all his stories, and *The Noble Bachelor*—a very early one—the worst. *The Noble Bachelor* was certainly feeble, but it was in the Holmes tradition. The *Lion's Mane* may have been ingenious, but it was not Holmes; and the last tale of all—the *Spy of the War of 1914*—must have come as a shattering blow to Holmes's many admirers. Sir Arthur's personal opinion of his tales is interesting, but, with respect to it, I for one firmly believe in Holmes's death at the Falls in 1891. It was a mere *revenant* which struck down Watson like a felled ox; and from that shock Watson never recovered. Thereafter, a ghostly Boswell played foil and chorus to a ghostly sleuth. The report of Holmes's death at the Reichenbach Falls in May 1891 was assuredly not "grossly exaggerated."

"Ultima Thule."—I drove a distance of thirty miles from my village last week. I returned refreshed and feeling like a man newly back from an expedition to Tibet. Incidentally, I saw more old friends (and heard their histories) than I have seen in the whole of the past two years. What direction I took and what was my destination I will not disclose. Some of the things I saw would give Hitler pause. I passed through areas of once remote rural peace and obscurity which have become armed camps, bristling with fortifications in concrete and barbed wire. I met with more soldiers than I thought this island could breed and support, and all looking fit to burst with health and spirits. I passed acres of transport parks, with vehicles all so well camouflaged that I took them for pleasant features of Nature's spring offensive. Occasionally, I passed through small historic towns—to find them crammed with shoppers and very much the same as in the piping days of peace, plenty and trippers. I went through the purlieus of a quite notable public school and saw the boys in a multitude of colours engaged in a variety of games, though some of them wore gum-boots and carried spades and forks. Many of their parents were walking about, for it was a Saturday and round about half term, and it was there and then that I learned the war history of many of them and found them with tall sons whom I had last seen (surely) in long clothes. And one way and another I parted with more than one ten-shilling note. But it was worth it.

J. G.

THE REED-WARBLER AT ITS NEST : The mother has just returned to find the young cuckoo in sole occupancy of the nest. Three young reed-warblers have been ejected and lie dying on the ground beneath

BABY HEDGEHOGS : They may appear ugly little creatures with top-heavy heads to us—but their mother must be fond of them !

The COMING of SPRING

The Bird Visitors Arrive, and the Sleepers Awake

By B. MELVILLE NICHOLAS

APRIL is the month when migrant birds come hurrying home. Every day brings fresh arrivals, and although the early swallow and the first cuckoo are heralded with many notices, the great rush of bird traffic will reach these shores during the next week or two, unnoticed.

House-martins, sand-martins, chiff-chaffs, willow-warblers, reed-warblers, whitethroats, turtle doves and all the many birds that compose the home-coming host, will, in spite of *blitzkriegs* and the rest, safely reach these shores during the next few days.

The warblers are the first to turn their attention to family matters. The reed-warbler, whose sweet, silvery song always tempts me to linger at the waterside, constructs a deep, cup-shaped nest, cleverly suspended between three or four reeds. The walls are made of grass, leaves, reeds and sedge, all skilfully interwoven.

The song of the garden-warbler is sometimes mistaken for that of the blackcap, although the latter is, or so I think, by far the better songster of the two. From his arrival in April until July his sweet, animated voice rings out over the countryside not only by day but often until late at night. He is a devoted husband and plays an important part in the affairs of the home. Not only does he help to build the nest, but he also takes turns at incubation. Unfortunately, he often sings whilst sitting on the eggs, thereby unconsciously advertising a fact he is most anxious to conceal.

The male whitethroat, known locally as "nettle creeper," also does this. It is in the depths of the hedge parsley and other plants that form the miniature jungle of hedge, bank and ditch that these birds sling their fragile hammock of grass stems, lined with horse-hair. Both sexes resent any interference with their home and express their disapproval in harsh, scolding terms.

These small birds, however, have many natural foes, none more feared than the keen-eyed kestrel hovering on high. Yet, although alert in many respects, the kestrel is careless about home affairs, and if no suitable hollow tree is available, appropriates the nest of some other bird rather than build one herself.

Sparrow-hawks have other ideas both as regards hunting and home-making, for they never soar to hunt as the kestrel does, but instead skim along the hedgerows and over the tree-tops, taking their victims by surprise. Their nest is a large, bulky affair at a great height from the ground.

Small mammals as well as birds fall victims to these birds of prey. Hundreds of voles and field-mice are killed; and the dormouse, now awakening from its winter hibernation, has to go about its spring-time duties with care and caution.

You can readily "recognise" the dormouse by its stout build and fluffy tail—covered with "hair" instead of scales. April days see the dormouse actively searching for home accommodation and the female climbing here and there with wisps of dry grass in her mouth. She builds a round nest, measuring six inches or more across, right in the heart of a tangled thicket. These nests are sometimes at a height of from six to twelve feet from the ground, in honeysuckle, clematis or thorn.

The hedgehog, too, is now awakened from his winter sleep and has obtained a wife. They prepare a nursery in a hollow stump, a ditch or scrape in the ground, and the mother collects enormous quantities of dry leaves and grass to fill the chosen cavity.

Young hedgehogs at birth are positively ugly, with top-heavy heads and without a single hair on their bodies. They soon grow and develop, however, and when about a month old are allowed to take their first peep at the outside world under the watchful eye of their mother.

THE BANK VOLE pauses in his toilet to listen : did he hear a stoat or a weasel chattering ?

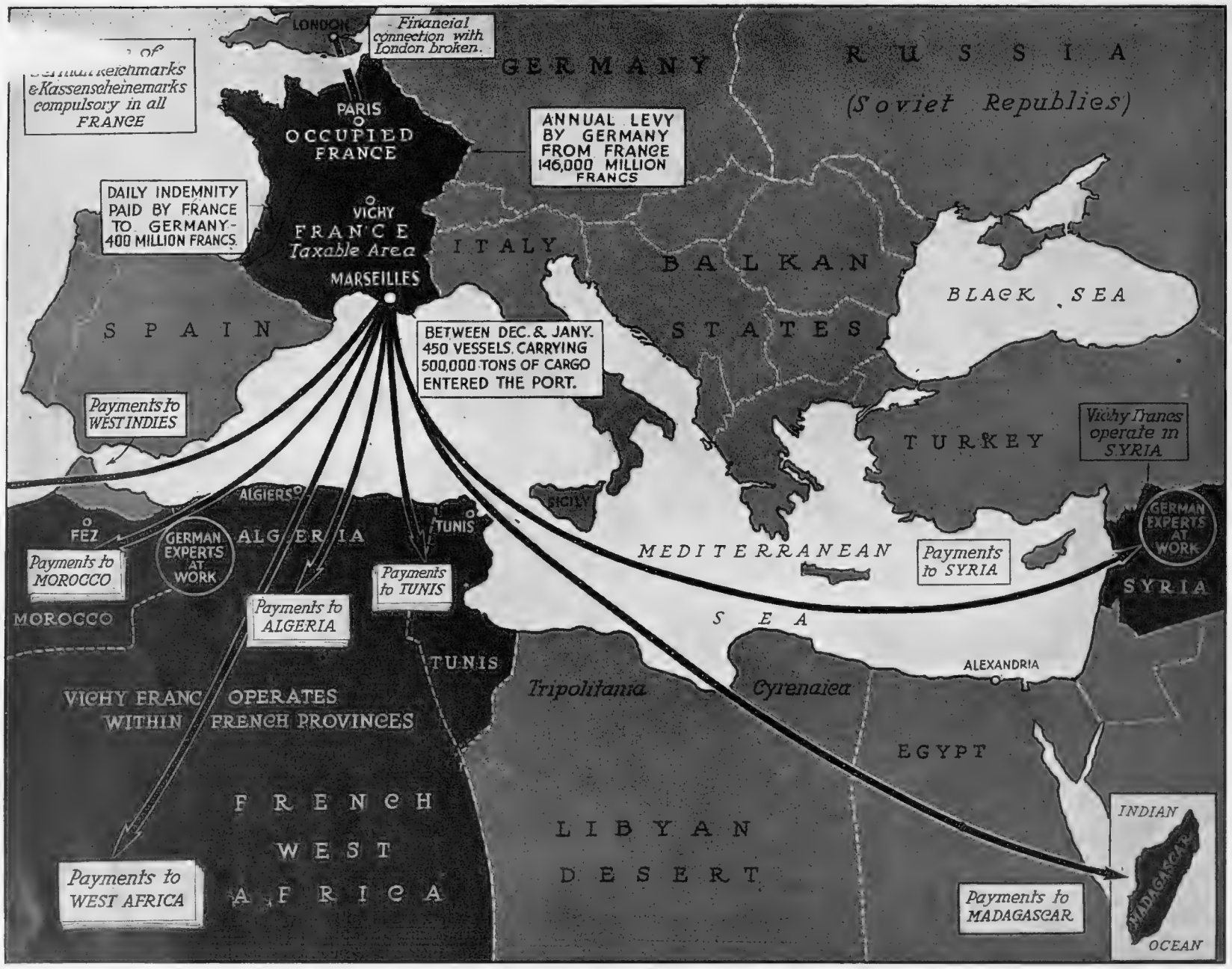
THE GARDEN-WARBLER AT ITS NEST : This attractive little creature often nests in woods and shady coppices where, as it flits from bough to bough, it is sometimes mistaken for the nightingale

The sedge-warbler (recognised by its prominent white eye-streak) soon follows the reed-warbler's example, but choosing thick cover or a low bush for its nesting site; the finished home can boast no architectural merit. Male sedge-warblers are extremely active, and their chattering song of "chiddy, chiddy, chit, chit" is heard long before the birds themselves are seen.

Not all warblers, however, belong to the reed-beds. Wood-warblers, chiff-chaffs and garden-warblers prefer the security of tangled bracken and gorse where their nests are usually low down and cleverly hidden.

THE WHITETHROAT INCUBATING : A lively little bird is this, usually bobbing up and down in the bushes and never quite happy unless in some very prominent position. The nest is a loosely-made affair, but very precious in the sight of its owners, who furiously fuss whenever trespassers approach

HERE IS THE YOUNG CUCKOO—and much too big for its nursery, too :



VICHY FRANCE AND THE COLONIAL EMPIRE WHICH IT STILL SUPPORTS : The imports which it receives from various parts of its overseas possessions are paid for by an elaborate process of financial jugglery

The STRANGE POSITION of VICHY FRANCE

How it Maintains its Colonial Structure with a Fictitious Level for the Franc

IT is evident that any economic disaster which overtakes a country must have its repercussions on its colonies. So it has been with France. Already the tentacles of the "New Order" are stretching out to the distant parts of the French interests overseas. Evidence to this effect accumulates week by week. A virtual Customs Union exists between France and Algeria, Madagascar and Tunis, while French West Africa and French Morocco are bound by various international agreements. The ratio of France's interest in the overseas trade of her colonies, therefore, is considerable.

In the main, trade between France and her Empire has been primarily one of exchange. Grain and minerals, as well as other primary products, have been traded for machinery, textiles, coal, building materials and the like. The balance between imports and exports was well maintained, and some considerable investment of French money was undertaken in the colonies. As pointed out recently in the *Economist*, some five milliard francs were invested in Algeria between 1930 and 1935, while a total of some thirty milliards of investments was said to have been made in Morocco.

This happy state of interdependence was demolished by German occupation. Although the port of Marseilles was left in the unoccupied zone, and so in contact with French Africa, the basis of trade was shattered. French industries were scarcely operating, and France, as a manufacturing nation, had nothing to offer. Goods still arrived at Marseilles from the colonies, for habit lingers long, but the trade balance was ruined.

Colonial imports into France, for the first time in years, outstrip exports. This, from the Colonies' viewpoint, would theoretically produce a "favourable" trade balance. In point of fact, it is anything but favourable. "Payment" is merely a growing franc balance at the bank of Vichy France. This, because of German inflation, is a vague claim on something in an even hazier future. As with occupied France, what is purchased by the Germans is paid for in reichmarks, or in *Kassenscheinemark*, fixed at the exorbitant and fictitious level of 20 francs to one mark. Both currencies are secured on virtually non-existent German supplies. Small wonder that the Bank of France has ceased to publish a return—a step never even undertaken by the Reichsbank. Meanwhile, German demands that France should bear the cost of occupation, reaching, it is declared, over 400,000,000 francs a day, makes the fiscal conditions within the country almost chaotic. Little information is available as to how the money is being raised, but it is known that taxation and compulsory levies are reaching abnormal proportions.

The German authorities settle their bills, and provide their Army of Occupation with these special marks, which must be accepted by traders under compulsion. This inflatory paper mark, circulating side by side with the existing franc, produces inflation fears among the French people—a feeling which Germany seems keen to foster. The "purchase" of goods with such *ersatz* currency is little more than requisition, so that the gap between note circulation and available supplies grows daily. The position is further aggravated by the fact that the *Kassenscheine* notes are common to all German occupied territories.

With such conditions ruling in France, it is not to be wondered that the Colonies are also being affected by the "New Order." The unproductive German war machine is taking their products into its maw and offering in exchange little more than an overvalued piece of paper. At the same time, German "experts" are entering their territories to "explore the economic possibilities" of the areas. It is an insidious business, and one which will reduce the French Colonies to a condition equal to that of the overrun European countries themselves.

Yet, this may not be so. Is it too much to ask that British propaganda, skilfully handled, could acquaint the French Colonial Empire of the true character of the "New Order." Recent events have made it clear that the freedom of the Mediterranean lies with the Royal Navy. These Colonies are not bound to exchange their substance for the shadow in the port of Marseilles. There is a willing market in Britain for their grain, minerals, iron ore, phosphates, etc., for which the proper exchange of manufactures for primary products could be re-established. Such ships of the French merchant fleet as agreed to the arrangements could be granted use of sea-routes, while the contact of American shipping with West African coastal ports, would not place them in the prohibited zone. The wines of Tunis and Algeria might indeed prove very acceptable to the American palate.

This is not a dim hope. Already the British and Free French authorities for Equatorial Africa have laid the foundation for just such an agreement. The franc has been stabilised around its old level of 176¾ to the £ sterling. The British Government, too, has granted an advance to provide for certain Colonial requirements. The French Cameroons is sending cocoa, French Congo palm kernels and French Equatorial Africa cotton. Other products will follow. These areas are relatively poor. How much more could be achieved with the richer colonies!

THE COLONIAL OFFICIALS OF FRANCE

The French officials in their Colonies are still receiving their salaries as before, as Vichy France continues to be able to have funds at their disposal in the various banks of the Colonies. However, the currency in which an official is paid has a relative value only in the Colony in which he is, and outside of this Colony the value of the francs which he receives is practically worthless. He is still, therefore, able to continue to live as before, provided that he uses his money to pay for goods produced in that Colony. But should he require to purchase anything outside of the Colony, he is unable to do so. This is illustrated by the fact that, although there is no rate quoted in London for the franc, the last known equivalent rate quoted in New York was 475 to the £ sterling, instead of 178. The position with Indo-China is slightly different, as the American Government allows the franc there to be linked up with the dollar, and this gives the Colonist in French Indo-China rather more value for his money. The advantage to the French Colonist should they link up with the Allies would be that the British Government would then link up the franc with the £ sterling, which would give them a rate of 178, thereby giving the Colonist the advantage of being able to trade outside his own country which he is at present unable to do

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The Will-o'-the-Wisp Barrie; A Maternal View of Keats; More "Blitz" Literature; Masefield's Dunkirk and Two Novels

WHATEVER Barrie's view might have been of this authorised biography of him, THE STORY OF J.M.B. (Peter Davies. 11s. 6d.), it is certain he would have enjoyed the reviews. It would have amused him to see friendly and hostile critics, restricted to wartime space, trying to skewer him in a sentence or two and to contrast their own impressions with the portrait which emerges from Mr. Mackail's 720 closely-printed pages. If anybody understood the degree of his unskewerableness it was Barrie himself. He knew all about lighting rehearsals and the exact power and position of the limelight he was backing into. He knew the exact measure of personal publicity as a necessity to a writer's stock-in-trade. He confounded succeeding generations of Press agents and gossip-writers by showing how publicity can best be gained by appearing to avoid it. He knew how to excite curiosity by teasing the public with riddles to which he would provide no answer—if he ever knew the answer himself. He knew exactly how far he could play the pawky elfishness within the popular English estimate of the Scotch character. He also knew the box-office value of sentimentality, and precisely to what point of frenzy he could drive those serious practitioners whose object was to use the theatre as a sociological soap-box.

Mr. Denis Mackail knew this self-made will-o'-the-wisp, and knew him as intimately as almost anybody could. With candour and affection he has tried to round him off in an honest biography. (What a subject, by the way, Barrie would have been for the other type of biographer: the kind who would have revelled in displaying his own cleverness in an entertaining piece of impressionism.)

The very degree of intimacy with his subject must have made a difficult task appear all the more formidable. The conventional cradle-to-the-grave record would have been the easier route, but Mr. Mackail has chosen the more difficult road of conversational liveliness. Difficult to sustain in 720 pages? I'll say it is!

Does he pull it off? I'll say he does!

Here is a fair sample from an early page. "For as long as there are famous men, books will be written about them and people will want to hear about them. And you know this much, J.M.B. You wanted to be famous, didn't you?"

The obvious retort might have been that Barrie would have gone on being famous without the assistance of Mr. Mackail. It is impossible to ignore Barrie. He simply won't be ignored. In his own day the intellectuals spilt gallons of splenetic ink upon him. Yet the theatre-going public set him firmly upon the ladder of fame. He refused a Knighthood, snaffled a Baronetcy, and got the O.M.

Even to-day he can still set all Bloomsbury in a rage, yet in the restricted activities of the London theatre the choice of our leading actor is a revival of *Dear Brutus*. Nobody, so far as I am aware, has as yet dragged him into the "Eclipse of the Highbrow" controversy, but his shade is there, worthy to do battle alongside Johnson and Aristotle.

Barrie can look after himself. I am not going to risk any comments (or quotations from Mr. Mackail) on his pawky sprightliness, his gloomy obsessions, the hair-line between sentimentality and cruelty, or any of those things. He has the laurels, and to spare. Let us hand a share to his biographer. This book is a great feat of craftsmanship; a fine, firm portrait of as difficult a subject as any biographer has ever attempted. Greenwood hats off to Mr. Mackail.

YOUNG BRITAIN FARMS FOR VICTORY—at Benhall, near Ipswich: The young farmers are here seen in conference. Kenneth Thurlow (aged thirteen) is at the head of the table, with Secretary Barbara Finlow (also thirteen) on his right, whilst Stanley Burgess addresses the Junior Committee on "Rations." In the background the Headmaster and his assistant, Messrs. Pryke and Jones, keep an eye on the proceedings

THE BENHALL VILLAGE CLUB: Goats yield several quarts of milk a day, and this is then used in the School Canteen. The goats feed on waste vegetables, hedge-clippings—anything! Later the club proposes to rear pigs: last year they made a profit of £2 on each pig raised

Doing their bit in the Grow-More-Food effort, country children all over Great Britain have formed themselves into Young Farmers' Clubs and are raising pigs, calves, rabbits, goats, keeping fowls and bees, growing vegetables and making hay. The members of these clubs range from ten years old to twenty-one. The younger ones are naturally still at school. The older are frequently the sons and daughters of farmers and are true children of the soil. The children elect their own chairman, secretary and treasurer and also the committee. To advise them on the practical side there is a panel of grown-up experts, each a specialist in one of the branches of farming which the club undertakes. The money to buy stock and equipment is lent by the local bank on the guarantee of two or three prominent citizens who are interested in the scheme

Johnny Keats can also look after himself, as the hungry generations from Croker and George Gordon, Lord Byron, have found out. Miss Betty Askwith is apparently undisturbed, and certainly undismayed, by the long line of her predecessors in delivering a book called KEATS (Collins. 12s. 6d.).

"A little boy, a very little boy, for he was unusually small for his age, lay awake listening to music."

Years afterwards, when Keats was reading the manuscript of *St. Agnes' Eve* to the son of his old headmaster, he recalled that listening to that music in bed had inspired the lines:

"The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone."

Which doesn't, as far as Miss Askwith is concerned, start a chapter on Was Keats Musical? Though there is an appendix on Did Keats Have a Cockney Accent?

Miss Askwith is obviously deeply read in her subject; takes possession of Keats with a tender and almost maternal passion; goes for his traducers more in sorrow than in anger and produces an original and femininely plausible portrait of Fanny Brawne. The wrapper is "after Severn."

On the subject of wrappers; the one on Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's OUTSIDE INFORMATION (Macmillan. 5s.) looks like a pictorial joke and supports the first-hand impression of frivolity. True, the author declares she started out to record "those rumours which are spread and forgotten as they succeed one another in our credulous ears to-day," but this amusing trivia soon fades into a day-to-day account of what happened in London and in the Battleground of Britain in the months of September and October 1940.

And that was no joke.

In Winchester "the syncopated growl of a Dornier followed by a spatter of machine-gun fire passed overhead." In Cornwall "we get Germans over every night and have had literally hundreds of bombs." In Portsmouth "a baby's hand stuck out between some broken slates; lower down there was a bunch of a woman's long, grey hair." Then there is all the chit-chat and the rumours; the running in and out of shelters; shopping in *blitzes*; grandstand views of dog-fights; running, hours late, in a blacked-out train in a *blitz*; rehearsing during raids; amusing commentary on the fauna of a cathedral city; bits of vividry from Miss Rose Macaulay and Miss Margaret Kennedy; a good story or two. Like this:

TEACHER: Your children have given their names as Hitler and Mussolini, Mrs. Smith.

VOICE: That's right. *My* name's *Miss* Smith, and if you can think of better names for a couple of b———s, I can't.

Then there are the letters from E., who has a nice eye for the macabre.

"Last night was phantasmagoric. I actually *saw*—from Jermyn Street—the church of St. James's, Piccadilly, burn; saw the steeple fall and heard the leaves of the trees around it crackle with the heat. Incendiary bombs fell with the matt impact of ping-pong balls."

And, in another one:

"St. James's vicarage had been struck. . . ." A nice piece of understatement, for at that moment most of it was lying across Piccadilly.

This is the third book I have read about All That. It has the merit of genuineness; of being a real piece of life as it was lived. It is in welcome contrast to those synthetic compilations by star reporters on the London-Can-Take-It theme. But I still think the wrapper is a bad joke.

From October 1940 we travel back, with Mr. John Masefield, to May 26. THE NINE DAYS' WONDER (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.) begins with a poem by the Poet Laureate and then proceeds to tell the story of the evacuation of Dunkirk. With these words the story ends:

"The Nation said to those men, in effect: 'Hold on: we will get you away.' They held on, and we got them away.

"It is hard to think of those dark formations on the sand, waiting in the rain of death, without the knowledge that Hope and Help are stronger things than death. Hope and Help came together in their power into the minds of thousands of simple men, who went out in the Operation Dynamo and plucked them from ruin."

Mr. Masefield invests the story with the nobility and grandeur which is its due. Some day a fuller and more detailed account will be written, but the abiding quality of this little book will probably outlast it.

Two works of fiction have come my way this week, having nothing more in common than that they are both novels.

THE WARRIOR, by Thomas Ryan (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.), is a long and painstaking historical novel of the Persian and Indian campaigns of Alexander the Great. There is a good deal of the military business of campaigning, a lot of anachronistic modern talk, the death of Alexander; the siege of an Indian city, and the careful building-up of a not too convincing hero. The story has a certain crude forcefulness, but is probably not worth the force required to keep one's attention.

Major P. C. Wren, back on his old stamping-ground with the Foreign Legion, is good value for any escapist's money. THE UNIFORM OF GLORY (Murray. 7s. 6d.) is frank comedy. The bad-tempered, irascible Colonel Rochefort was no hero to his batman, who discovered possibilities in the fact that he was almost his master's double. So one night the batman thought he would try out the resemblance in earnest.

Denis Ducros was no ordinary soldier-servant. Dressed up as the Colonel, he managed to have a thoroughly good time—and so did everybody else. Including Major Wren

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Bekonscot is an altogether delightful toy village, constructed originally as a hobby, at the Buckinghamshire village of Beaconsfield and now a means of raising a goodish sum of money each year for charity. Despite the war, Bekonscot still functions: it was reopened for the 1941 season just before Easter. In the village, everything has been planned exactly to scale—there are villages, complete with streets, shops, dwelling-houses, churches and traffic signs; there are railway lines, with engines, engine sheds, signals, stations, tunnels, and all the other paraphernalia of a complete railway system, lakes with steamships and landing-piers; even a complete aerodrome with different types of aircraft. The village is a most delightful spot, especially for children—and is a most refreshing experience. The little church shown above was constructed from the original designs of the well-known architect, Mr. Gilbert Scott, and is a replica of the one at Beaconsfield. The tower was built in memory of G. K. Chesterton

THE STAFF AT BEKONSCOT ENGAGED IN REPAINTING AND RENOVATING THE VILLAGE PREPARATORY TO ITS REOPENING AT EASTER

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—*Continued from page iii of cover.*

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

MY correspondents certainly necessitate keeping my thinking-cap on. A letter received from a Naval Paymaster recently almost amounted to a challenge, for he wrote: "Can you tell me one or two good country hotels or inns in the district where Dorset and Wilts, Somerset and Devon meet? What I am after is either something in the category of The Peacock at Rowsley, or the one at Bolton Bridge, Yorkshire—though I doubt if anything as good exists in the South of England."

I, of course, know the two particular hotels referred to, and I think all who are knowledgeable on English hotels will agree with me when I say that the South, or, rather, the South-West of England, can put up two worthy substitutes in the Arundell Arms at Lifton or Hoops Inn at Horns Cross, near Bideford.

But my correspondent has tied me down to hotels or inns on the borders of the counties referred to, which has necessitated some poring over my maps. So let 's take the specific area, a district where these four counties are so intertwined that even a native at times must wonder which county he is standing in.

Certainly the choice is not an easy one, and in that particular area there is nothing quite comparable with his Derbyshire and Yorkshire examples. Further, he has complicated the issue by writing "If there is dancing on Saturday evenings, it would be an advantage."

Probably the most central point for his four counties is The George at Ilminster, where they do have weekly dances. It 's a brewer's house, run under management, and though I have never stayed there under the present regime, I should imagine one could be quite comfortable in a simple sort of way.

Of course, if one wanted to be rather more de luxe, one would think in terms of The Castle at Taunton, which is very definitely in Somerset. On the other hand, reading between the lines of my correspondent's letter, I think he would prefer a really good country inn, where he could get into a town, and in that case I should choose The Blackbird Inn, on the Taunton-Wellington road, two miles from the latter town, and close to the borderlands, always provided that the cooking is as good now as when I visited it last. Certainly it is an attractive little inn, with its arresting sign, its bright bedrooms, and its cheery bar. Quite the social rendezvous of the locality.

Other places which come up for consideration, though we are now departing from Devon, is the White Horse at Wincanton, and The Grosvenor at Shaftesbury, in Somerset and Dorset respectively, but with only about 11 miles separating the two.

Finally, if I can tempt my correspondent rather further away, and this time nearer the Wiltshire-Hampshire border, I would suggest The Crown at Everley, which is a good place to know of for anyone who wants to be quite remote from a town.

Another correspondent very quick off the mark, hastens to advise me that two-thirds of my article which appeared in March 29 issue, refers to hotels in prohibited areas, by which he means the new "ban" on the Brighton to Littlehampton district, and the district behind.

Actually this article was written before the "ban" came into force, but I still stand by what I wrote of the Roundabout Hotel at Pulborough, Sussex (actually, the correct postal address is Storrington, although it is half-way between the two places); The Dudley, the Kingsway, and The Lawns hotels at Hove, and the Georgian House at Storrington, Sussex, because they are still open and doing business. The "ban" has definite exceptions. If you have relatives in the area, you are permitted to visit them. Business men can enter the district, subject to their being able to give satisfactory reasons of the nature of their business. The area can be entered if one owns property there, and at each of the hotels referred to there are many people residing there, as distinct from the short-term visitor. And there is one other point which my correspondent has overlooked. The area itself is a large one, and there is a big population who may be glad of a change of environment in exchanging the country for the sea, and vice versa.

Admittedly some of us may have to put that particular area out of our reckoning for the time being. But the fact that the hotels are still open and doing business is complete justification for my drawing attention to them.

Recently I seem to have had a batch of enquiries from people thinking in terms of the Western Midlands. One such enquiry came from Leicester, asking my advice on somewhere not more than a hundred miles away where golf was obtainable and possibly a Saturday night dance. Although I am not able to promise the dancing, I could cite an excellent country-house hotel where there is such a first-class golf course at the front door that it is quite pardonable to dream of. The Hawkstone Park Hotel is certainly quite a unique type. It caters for the golfer and most certainly for the sportsman, because fishing and shooting are as close at hand as the golf. After a day in the open there is a very snug bar for those who like lingering over their tankards. Hawkstone Park has also a very definite residential side, a place where one can live very comfortably, always provided that one is not continuously yearning for the attractions of a town. On the contrary those who live at Hawkstone Park can thank their lucky stars that they are living under first-class conditions in the most peaceful and picturesque spot imaginable.

Reverting to the subject of dancing, Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, and Oatlands Park, Weybridge, still specialise in their Saturday night dances, and very popular they continue to be. But for anyone who wants to make dancing one of the primary objectives of their leave, they must think in terms of the Grand at Torquay, where they can dance several nights to Harry Evans and his Band, and when they want change of floor or rhythm, there is dancing to be had at the Imperial, Torquay, Queen's, Torquay, and the Redcliffe at Paignton. Quite a lot of leave people are patronising the Grand, because Charles Reade—late champion and professional at Queen's Club—is on the permanent staff there, to coach or extend one in squash or tennis. Charles Reade ought to be a pretty fit man these days, because I hear he is kept at it hard from daybreak to nightfall. Fortunately for him, there is more coaching than "extending." Another good point about the Grand is, there is plenty to do after black-out, there is always the certainty of a game of bridge, or snooker or billiards below stairs.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Continued on facing page

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